

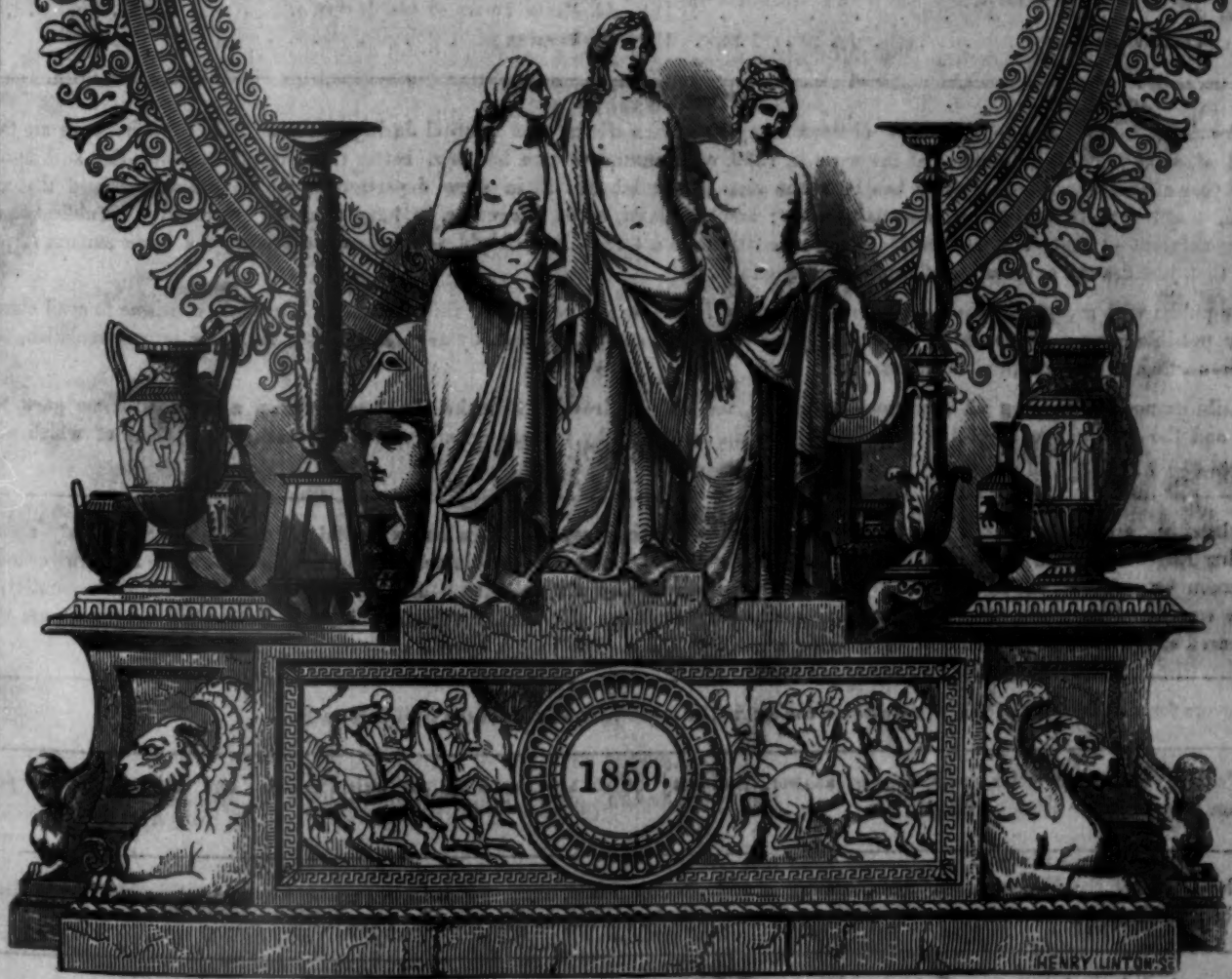
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

No. LII.

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APRIL.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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OFFICE OF THE ART-JOURNAL, 4, LANCASTER PLACE, WATERLOO BRIDGE, STRAND, WHERE ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR MAY BE SENT.



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LONDON, APRIL 1, 1859.

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THE first period of Italian painting portrayed the visions of an imaginative faith with something of a childlike simplicity and rudeness; the second period, headed by Masaccio, laboured to add natural truthfulness; the third, which we now approach, contributed a beauty and grandeur in harmony with the highest requirements of the cultivated imagination, and, by their union with the qualities earlier sought for, raised the art at the beginning of the sixteenth century to that brief eminence, which was the loftiest and divinest it has attained in modern times. Da Vinci is entitled to be considered the foremost leader of this, the Augustan epoch of Italian painting. He was—in this art at least—a man of slow unfertile invention, and by no means gifted with natural facility of execution; but his perceptions were subtle and penetrating, his feeling was tender and profound, his taste refined, all to a rare degree; and what these could effect by dint of patience and labour, without a prolific imagination of the intensest force or the most vigorous technical power, was accomplished by him. Although a poet with his pencil in a high degree, he was even more a philosopher in Art, whose aim was to rectify and enlarge its principles rather than to multiply pictures. Hence resulted a manner of drawing careful and refined, and yet of partial excellence, a roundness and force in the modelling, and light and shade unexampled, though commonly laboured to hardness and heaviness, a beauty of composition, an elegance in what is called style, which were both wholly without precedent. Above all, his works are distinguished by a perception of character and expression subtle and delicate to the highest degree that he could by thought and assiduity attain, though, in his ideal subjects, often of an irrelevant beauty. It is commonly an abstract exemplification of nature, rather than a strongly imaginative conception of the particular theme. Leonardo's office was, amongst other things, to free Art from the last remains of Gothic rigidity and meagreness. In his reputation he has been by far the most fortunate of painters. Critical writers have commonly seized on him as a ready means of supplying them with the pleasures of unalloyed admiration, and the consequent luxuries of unimpeded eulogy, accepting his really imperfect endeavours as consummate achievements, and, in spite of the endless labour, incompleteness, and fewness of his works, exalting his name as the synonym of an accomplishment and mastery in Art which were

restrained only by the limits of mortal powers. There are few things in our experience more surprising than the comparison between these praises and some of the pictures which are the particular objects of them.

"Not to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."

So says the Creechian version of Horace, to which may be opposed Wordsworth's declaration, that "we live by admiration, hope, and love," a truth to be heartily acknowledged with reverential gratitude. Yet it must be confessed that the enjoyments of ideal love and veneration are apt exceedingly to warp the judgment, and so place continual stumbling-blocks in the way of just criticism; since, such is man's proneness to them, that in the absence of an object worthy of admiration, he will immediately shape one with his fancy out of something at hand, which is, indeed, often very unworthy of such a distinction: and hence the world has been filled with idols, such as Napoleon, Caesar, and others, from whose glorious fanes their sentinels denied all issuing forth; so that they were, in sober fact, mere abodes of captivity, delusion, and suffering—full of the narrow cells of death. In the more peaceful and pleasant paths of Art, this craving after a perfectly delightful ideal has, we feel convinced, been singularly fortunate for Leonardo da Vinci, raising his fame much above his merits, great though they were undoubtedly. Before few divinities in his part of the temple of fame have there arisen such dense and continual vapourings of critical incense.

He was born in 1452. His illegitimate father, Ser Piero, notary to the Florentine Signory, provided for him a liberal education; and though his singular versatility itself, from the first, seems to have interposed obstacles, through the inconstancy of mind which it occasioned, his early progress was extraordinary. In arithmetic, especially, he soon puzzled his teacher; and no less apt at the more graceful studies—applying himself to melodious as well as abstract numbers—he played on the lute and sung, it is said, divinely, improvising both poetry and accompaniment—a display which his beauty and graceful vivacity must have rendered extremely attractive. But the plastic arts were already even more his favourites; and his earliest attempts of which an account remains are singularly characteristic of some of his permanent preferences. He modelled smiling heads of women and children in terracotta, and from such figures he soon afterwards drew on very fine cambric or linen most patiently. Who does not here see, at once, that love of mild female elegances, and infant beauty, and round modellings, which ever afterwards distinguished him—tendencies which seem to have arisen in some degree from the example of Andrea del Verrochio, who, we are told, drew with extraordinary care female heads, which were constantly imitated by Leonardo da Vinci. And probably this influence of Verrochio may have led Ser Piero to consult him as to his son's future pursuits, and by his advice, to send him as a pupil to that great artist's workshop. But the astonishing youth soon took the pencil out of the master's hand for ever. He added to one of his pictures an angel, the liveliness and beauty of which so disgusted Andrea with a sense of his own inferiority, that he determined thenceforth to confine himself to sculpture.

The Medusa is probably the earliest work by Da Vinci now at Florence, and a highly characteristic one, inasmuch as, with a careful study of the beautiful, it combines its anti-thesis, or artistic foil, fantastic ugliness, for which he had so marked and curious a predilection. The Gorgon's severed head lies in a cave—the face upturned, and the crown, which

is nearest to you, tressed with snakes, dying, and some detaching themselves. The last venomous vitality of the dreadful being seems quivering away through her serpent hair. These uncoiling braids of multitudinous snakes are realized with extraordinary labour and truthfulness, down to their very hardness, weight, and ghastliness of sheen, and the sudden spasmodic upturning of their half-dead members. Were not Leonardo's tenderness to animals well-known, did we not remember that he would purchase birds for the simple pleasure of freeing them from their cages, we might have feared that many a snake was tortured into a model for this strange display of reptile agony. The Gorgonian lure of *beauty* in the face—which, fascinating and absorbing the gaze, may have often prevented those snakes from being seen, till the victim was unredeemably within their power—is rendered with less gusto, and, characteristically enough, left unfinished. The hard-ringed, venom-sweating eyes, the mouth, breathing obviously a noxious vapour, have by no means that "loveliness" which Shelley's imagination saw in the infinite void above them, when he penned his famous verses.

We recollect but three other remarkable pictures by Leonardo in all Florence: the Adoration of the Kings, a large composition, not carried forward beyond the dead colour of the shadows, and chiefly noticeable for the excessive elaboration of the trees, which he has at once completely delineated with a stiff and mannered minuteness, quite at variance with the true spirit of such objects; secondly, we recall a portrait said to be of the beautiful Geneva de' Benci, who is, however, here not beautiful, and drawn with hardness and an absence of elegance remarkable for Leonardo, and reminding one of a somewhat early Flemish picture rather; thirdly, is to be remembered with far more satisfaction, the portrait of himself when advanced in life, one of the most grandly handsome of heads, dignified, penetrating, adorned with a magnificent silver beard, and, though over dark, one of the noblest and best painted of his works. But to admire his *delicacy* and *elegance* in portraiture, we must journey from the banks of the Arno to those of the Seine. When unemployed in Italy, chiefly because so much less practical than his great rivals, he accepted the invitation of Francis I., and went to little more than die in his service—he took with him that most famed portrait which he had painted at Florence sixteen years before, in happier and less disputedly glorious days. This is the likeness of Mona Lisa del Giocondo, the fair Florentine lady, with the demure dark cyprus drawn over her hair, and yet smiling, where she is seated in the midst of a strange quaint landscape, like sharpest alpine aiguilles. Although said to be unfinished, the rounding and softening of the features are singularly laboured, with an untiring resolution to render every dimple in her elegant, pleasing face, which, even like some refined coquette's, smiles on you so faintly, that it scarcely seems to smile at all. But what a melancholy wreck is the picture! A sickly invalid is Mona Lisa now. Just such complexions abounded in Florence when the Boccacian plague struck it, and drove away her ancestral likenesses to the pure and healthy villa amongst the hills. Where, alas! now are the pinky nostrils, and the dim violets of the eyelids, and that artful union in the carnations which made up the very freshest bloom of life, and the apparent lively beating of the pulses, seen especially at the pit of the throat, which Vasari celebrates? Faded—gone—followed by a complete little network of cracks. Mona Lisa's face is now wan and colourless—absolutely greenish, with shades of nothing but black! But the worst of it is, the famed perfection of the execution no longer appears;





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
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is nearest to you, tressed with snakes, dying, and some detaching themselves. The last venomous vitality of the dreadful being seems quivering away through her serpent hair. These uncoiling braids of multitudinous snakes are realized with extraordinary labour and truthfulness, down to their very hardness, weight, and ghastliness of sheen, and the sudden spasmodic upturning of their half-dead members. Were not Leonardo's tenderness to animals well-known, did we not remember that he would purchase birds for the simple pleasure of freeing them from their cages, we might have feared that many a snake was tortured into a model for this strange display of reptile agony. The Gorgonian lure of *beauty* in the face—which, fascinating and absorbing the gaze, may have often prevented those snakes from being seen, till the victim was unredeemably within their power—is rendered with less gusto, and, characteristically enough, left unfinished. The hard-ringed, venom-sweating eyes, the mouth, breathing obviously a noxious vapour, have by no means that "loveliness" which Shelley's imagination saw in the infinite void above them, when he penned his famous verses.

We recollect but three other remarkable pictures by Leonardo in all Florence: the Adoration of the Kings, a large composition, not carried forward beyond the dead colour of the shadows, and chiefly noticeable for the excessive elaboration of the trees, which he has at once completely delineated with a stiff and mannered minuteness, quite at variance with the true spirit of such objects; secondly, we recall a portrait said to be of the beautiful Genevra de' Benci, who is, however, here not beautiful, and drawn with hardness and an absence of elegance remarkable for Leonardo, and reminding one of a somewhat early Flemish picture rather; thirdly, is to be remembered with far more satisfaction, the portrait of himself when advanced in life, one of the most grandly handsome of heads, dignified, penetrating, adorned with a magnificent silver beard, and, though over dark, one of the noblest and best painted of his works. But to admire his *delicacy* and *elegance* in portraiture, we must journey from the banks of the Arno to those of the Seine. When unemployed in Italy, chiefly because so much less practical than his great rivals, he accepted the invitation of Francis I., and went to little more than die in his service—he took with him that most famed portrait which he had painted at Florence sixteen years before, in happier and less disputedly glorious days. This is the likeness of Mona Lisa del Giocondo, the fair Florentine lady, with the demure dark cyprus drawn over her hair, and yet smiling, where she is seated in the midst of a strange quaint landscape, like sharpest alpine aiguilles. Although said to be unfinished, the rounding and softening of the features are singularly laboured, with an untiring resolution to render every dimple in her elegant, pleasing face, which, even like some refined coquette's, smiles on you so faintly, that it scarcely seems to smile at all. But what a melancholy wreck is the picture! A sickly invalid is Mona Lisa now. Just such complexions abounded in Florence when the Boccacian plague struck it, and drove away her ancestral likenesses to the pure and healthy villa amongst the hills. Where, alas! now are the pinky nostrils, and the dim violets of the eyelids, and that artful union in the carnations which made up the very freshest bloom of life, and the apparent lively beating of the pulses, seen especially at the pit of the throat, which Vasari celebrates? Faded—gone—followed by a complete little network of cracks. Mona Lisa's face is now wan and colourless—absolutely greenish, with shades of nothing but black! But the worst of it is, the famed perfection of the execution no longer appears;



the laboured finish now seems to result in something of stiffness, and yet to be softened away into a want of distinctness and precision. This is the very portrait which Leonardo kept on his easel no less than four years, from his desire to finish it to the utmost completeness and perfection he could attain. They say he was accustomed to take a musician, or a good teller of facetious stories, with him to the sittings, to keep up well that smile of hers, which he was bent upon fixing on his canvas safely, for the endowment and enrichment of posterity. But, surely, unless indeed the painting required the entire absorption of his faculties, such assistance can hardly have been needful, since he was distinguished by his captivating powers of conversation, and proficiency in the lighter accomplishments, as well as for his rare philosophical and artistic gifts. Without taking into the account his superfluous attraction of personal beauty, one may conclude that an occasional *tête-à-tête* with such a personage cannot have been distasteful to the lady herself, and may have been accorded by her with a very becoming urbanity, and a quite sufficient tendency to smiles. Nay, we should rather think the difficulty would have been to keep the corners of the mouth, and the attendant dimplings, within due limits. We dare say his friends, when they met him in the streets, jested occasionally on the subject. "Ah, Messer Leonardo," we fancy we hear them saying, "whither away, in such deep cogitation bent? Addresst thou thyself now to fill the intestines of the woolly tribe with air, till they swell to such an alarming degree, as almost to fill the chamber? Or art thou fabricating little Plutonic reptiles, which, though they have no life, have yet the wit to fly through the air? Or condescending to graver utilities, and schemes of moderate, sober practice, art thou at the present moment teaching rivers how to run up hill, or churches, without so much as dropping a stone, to mount a whole flight of steps? Or, being averse to everything but pure thought and meditation thyself, art thou setting the elements themselves—the very air and light around us—to work mightiest things with marvellous potency?"—"No," says another, "he is doing none of these things just now. I wish he were—the latter. And as for his noble cartoon for the Signory, Pietro, despairing of ever bringing him to it again, and considering it properly our own, inasmuch as three ducats and a half have already been paid on account, has given that to the plodding and unswerving young Buonaroti to finish; and I have just seen him at it in Santa Maria Novella, hard at work rectifying the anatomy and the passions of those crazy infuriated horses, which he says are altogether out of order." Here the speaker winks, and touches his gossip with his elbow. "But what is—that really is Signor Leonardo about all this time? I'll tell you in your ear. Like a bee in a bell-flower, he has been hanging with all his soul three or four days in only one of Mona Lisa's dimples; and as she has so many—in cheeks, and chin, and neck, besides a lovely little one at the root of each finger—goodness, when will he come to the end of her picture! They will evidently have time to turn and narrow into wrinkles first. Monsignore Ulysses in Mona Calypso's cave for half a dozen years was nothing to this; or rather it is like Jupiter himself, quite bound and tied up by the little cestus of Venus; for here is a fellow, whose proper function it is to order about the elements, irrecoverably lost in the pit of a dimple. Is it not lamentable? Oh, with his one mind, give him a hundred hands, and three centuries of existence, and the power of action, and he would build the true Palace of Life out of the rude obscure materials lying neglected about us! But farewell, Leonardo, our duty

and our homage to Madonna Lisa del Giocondo. Come, gentlemen, I have private news from Rome, which will give us all a good laugh at the Pope; after which I want you to give me your opinion on my new guitar."*

Another portrait in the Louvre of Leonardo's genuine handiwork is the *Belle Ferronière*, perhaps Lucrezia Crivelli, mistress of Ludovico Sforza. She is no beauty, with her straight hard features and full cheeks, although her eyes are full of thought and character. The flesh tint, (almost brassy in hue,) is here unmitigated unvaried brown ochre shaded with black, eyes and all, and the background is wholly intensest sable. Vasari says admiringly, that this great genius, to give the utmost force of relief, laboured to discover a black darker than other blacks, calculated to throw forward every shade of lesser intensity, "all with a view of attaining the last perfection of Art." We see in this example of such a system of light and shade, that nothing could be heavier or more disagreeable. How superior the advances in light and shade and colour made by Francia and Perugino, who were both born a few years before Leonardo; so that in styling him the leader of the most accomplished period of Art, we must admit several important qualifications, preferring him simply for his more truthful and refined drawing and composition, and greater variety of character and expression. The defects of shading and colour which mark the *Ferronière*, prevail even more in another Louvre picture, also of Leonardo's own execution—a half figure of the Baptist. The morning star of righteousness is here represented as a good-humoured smiling personage, who would do exceedingly well for a Faun or Sylvan. Even a thyrus would be advantageously substituted for the cross he holds in his hand. In modelling and colour, this is like a figure smoothly carved in ivory, and steeped in walnut juice, and with all its elaboration, very hard and imperfect in much of the drawing. By the bye, it occurs to us to ask, what has Mr. Ruskin to say of such a very paganish notion of the Baptist? Does it not tend to show, as well as Leonardo's mild, round-cheeked, quiescent Madonnas, and even the Roman consular looks and draperies in his Last Supper, that the "corrupted," the "fallen Raphael," denounced by that writer for demoralizing Art with conceptions of this class, was preceded in them all by his ever deeply-respected Da Vinci, who should therefore be considered even more culpable for having set the shameful example? The commendable cheerfulness to which his views of religious subjects tended, is strikingly, though somewhat eccentrically, marked in an elegant and pleasing picture, also in the Louvre, which was, however, to all appearance not painted, though designed, by him. The *Beata Vergine*, sitting on the knees of her mother, an elegant female as young as herself, stoops down, and stretches forth her hands to take to her bosom her Infant, who is playing with a lamb. Her look is languid with exceeding tenderness. "Oh, come to my heart, you pretty little fellow!" she is saying. He, meanwhile, holding his lamb, (pretty little creatures both,) seems asking with most eloquent innocence of tongueless glances whether he may play a little longer. Santa Anna, a pretty lady with soft eyelids, looks down on them with a sweet smiling complacency. This group has much highly studied beauty of form and

* It is pleasantly noticeable that this gentleman's quizzing is nearly all of it substantiated by Vasari. One of Leonardo's projects was to raise the Baptistery, and place steps under it, without injury to the edifice—a plan which, with his usual eloquence, he so explained, that the thing seemed practicable till he departed, when every one saw for himself that it was impossible. Humboldt styles him the greatest physicist of the fifteenth century; and adds—"Like Bacon, but a whole century before him, he regarded induction as the only sure method of treating natural science."

lines, and thus far is, no doubt, Leonardo's; but for the almost whimsical sportiveness of the expression, (though for certain sublime and profound reasons we are by no means inclined to quarrel with it,) he has not been considered fully responsible. The countenances in his own Cartoon of the Virgin and Sant' Anna bear a more noble and elevated character; so that probably the tone of the playfulness may have been considerably qualified by the hands of the pupil.

The most beautiful known composition of Da Vinci's, excepting his "Last Supper," is, it appears to us, *La Vierge aux Rochers*, a picture which, from the Last Supper being an utter wreck, is one of the most precious works by him remaining. We allude to the one belonging to Lord Suffolk, in which the refinement of the expression, and parts of the drawing, the extremely laboured and forcible modelling, and finish, (all different from the manner of his scholars,) claim for it the rare distinction of being, in the important parts at least, the work of his own hand. Lord Suffolk's picture is far finer than the repetition in the Louvre in almost every respect, especially in the singularly sweet face of the kneeling angel, who here looks lovingly on the Infant St. John, as he adores the divine Child; whilst in the Louvre version, with a countenance of no such tender power, she looks out of the picture towards the spectator, and points to him the devout act. A far less happy conception, this last—though also Leonardo's own, as shown by a separate study from his own hand—since it interferes with the simple tender unity of the sentiment, and the repose of the picture. Besides, in that lonely basalt-like cave, wild with tangled plants, and carpeted with flowers, where by the banks of the Red Sea we may conceive them to have sought shelter from Herod's sword, we should scarcely look for a visitor. This view of their situation, which at first seems a most free poetic licence, perhaps renders it sufficiently probable. The elegant ideality of the figures, on the other hand, bows itself into a tender tribute of imagination to the sacred theme, with a most attractive grace. The kneeling Virgin throws her arm over the little St. John, with a maternal care and guidance, as he, kneeling also, but reverently aloof, adores the infant Saviour, with a touching infantine seriousness and simplicity. His divine playfellow, seated beneath on the ground, in a significant lowliness of place, answers him already with the well-known sign of benediction; and the Angel, who kneels behind, supporting the Saviour, regards him with a most calm, complacent tenderness. Her face, (for to such a one it is impossible to apply an other than feminine pronoun,) is perhaps the loveliest Leonardo has left us; the most winning example of that peculiar kind of beauty which he often strove for, with a patience supported wonderfully almost to the end. The full soft eyelids, the mouth with its mysteries of sweetness, the delicate small chin, and dimpled cheek, are resting-places of pure tenderness, where it seems safe from further banishment and wanderings. And yet it is, emphatically, a "sweet woman's" face—if such an expression may be used without trivial and undignified associations—not specifically saintly or angelic, but full of that dear and true love universal, which no one who comprehends and feels what it is, would venture to profane by marking as uncongenial with sanctity, as distinctly apart from it, and unworthy of heavenly persons and occasions. As we have often said before, we delight altogether in pictures which thus finely honour pure and true humanity. Last summer we could never gain a complete view of Mr. Frith's "Derby Day," at our Academy, so densely was it thronged on every occasion. Literally, we

could only see a scrap of that most popular production at a time. Meanwhile, Leonardo's Angel, exhibited in the next street, was left almost in solitude with Giorgione's delightful heroine, and this notwithstanding all that has of late been taught with respect to Art, and all our boasted advancement. Surely that advance, as yet, has carried us but a little way.

And yet the present work of Leonardo's is much deteriorated. Notwithstanding all his science, his colours have been quite singularly fugitive; and this picture especially both palely and darkly mourns his ill-advised experiments in that branch of the art. The flesh tints have now no red whatever: they are like parchment, or old discoloured ivory; and the shadows, throughout, must be blackened far beyond even what Leonardo's erroneous preference for darkness left them. Yet even now we cannot help fancying, though perhaps it is but a fancy, that we see traces of a beautiful subdued cool harmony in this picture, composed of deep yellows, greens, soft rich blue, and brown, with but little of ruddier hues; the whole resulting in a tone poetically appropriate to that cool and fresh solemn sea cave, where but for the sacred personages who now enshrine it, the glaucous Nereids would certainly inhabit, starring their locks with those jonquils, and braiding them with the leafy garlands that droop from the quaint pinnacles.

But notwithstanding its elegance, and tender sweetness of sentiment, and poetry, the picture, on examination, certainly lets one quietly somewhat further into the secret of Leonardo's weaknesses and unsurmounted difficulties. The drawing is in parts strikingly defective; and the modelling much over-laboured, producing a substance hard and unflesh-like, however smoothly and forcibly projected. With subtle and refined, but partial perceptions, he carved with his pencil those finger-joints and tendons of the foreshortened hand, those dimplings of the cheek, those languorously sweet eyelids laden with love; and yet, even here, a want of artistic power and facility appears in the hardness and heaviness with which they are overwrought, and much is indeed, in sober truth, astonishingly jejune and bad. Even those who most admire Leonardo cannot avoid seeing these defects, but they attribute them to his scholars. These secondary parts, say they of the present picture, must be by some inferior hand, and the beautiful heads only by Leonardo. But unfortunately the heads themselves are in many parts equally ill-drawn. The Madonna's face is altogether crooked, and even the exquisite Angel's in parts very much in what may be called the *juvenile* style. There is wanting, generally, that natural easy fusion of contours, that delicate modulation of form, that due subordination of every part to the simple unity of the whole limb or figure, which constitute the charm of Raphael's very superior manner of drawing and modelling. Leonardo's analytical, distinguishing, dividing mind well understands many separate parts of the form, but will put them ill together. As in many things, the two painters may here be not ineffectively contradistinguished. Leonardo, of great intelligence and refinement, yet dwelling analytically on the elements of things, more in the spirit of the philosopher; the other synthetical, that is, more like the poet, seeing objects rather in their entirety and result, or living aspect, with that simpler truthfulness of the imagination which is denied to the piecemeal or partial perceptions of those who rather slowly construct the matter by reasoning it out.

In his "Last Supper," founded on the narrative of St. John rather than on that of St. Matthew, Da Vinci's love of fine distinctions of character and expression has elaborated a scene of extraordinary animation and dramatic

variety out of a subject which painters have commonly treated with a monotonous tameness. Indeed, if we may venture to ascribe a defect to such a work, we should say that it is somewhat *too much* of a magnificent display of varied animated action. At the moment chosen, when the Saviour was declaring the impending treachery, we cannot but imagine a more solemn unity of feeling on the part of the disciples, a more deeply, intensely concentrated attention to his words. Not all at once, surely, that separation into knots, and discussion and questioning of the event with all the diversities of feeling and character which the painter has ingeniously brought together; though much of this, consistently with what St. John relates, may have occurred when the first excitement had abated, and individual peculiarities found time to recover from the all-levelling shock of astonishment and sorrow. But whatever defect there may be in the general conception, from a too artificial variety of emotions not probable at the moment represented, thoroughly admirable are the several groups of themselves, apart from such a consideration. Admirable the assumed composure of that dark hard-featured Judas, (the only shadowed face), and the ardent St. Peter bending over him to the almost swooning St. John, and asking him to inquire of whom those horrible words were spoken. Where shall we find a group combining moral and picturesque contrasts more finely? How animated, too, that younger man at the end of the table, starting up and leaning forward in his excitement, with something of the spirit of a Roman prompt to champion his master! What life in the eager, honest, affectionate fidelity, the questioning wonder, the thrilling horror, the grave calm ingenuousness on the other side—a rare, many-linked chain of the most varied and speaking expression. Above all, the pathetic resigned beauty in the air of the Saviour—a beauty still faintly traceable in the face, that most melancholy of all the ruins in the pensive, faded Elysium of Art! To descend to technical matters from such heights as these, consummate is the skill in grouping and composition down to every detail; and peculiarly refined and noble the cast of the draperies, a something at once novel and unequalled in its kind by later artists.*

An idea of the picture in its original state sufficient to justify all this, may be gained by the aid of early copies, and Leonardo's remaining studies, but thus only, as the painting itself is almost effaced. Yet its ruined condition, and the meanness and bareness of the room which contains it, compose a picture so pathetic in itself, that it is worth while, even for that, to go there. Surprise may at first be felt at Da Vinci's want of judgment in executing this his greatest work, which occupied years of thought and labour, on the irremovable wall of a chamber, in a remote corner of the city, and a poor one in its best days; but this also is characteristic of a man no less marked by impracticability in all that regarded the completion and permanence of his works, than by the prolonged meditation and labour he devoted to their conception, and earlier stages of progress. His experimental use of oil instead of fresco so failed, that the picture, further injured by damp, and even inundations, began to decay within fifty years. The chamber now reminds one of nothing else so much as the dining-hall of one of our poorer

workhouses. And as for the picture, it is, perhaps, the most melancholy exhibition of many here that are melancholy—a wreck of beauty, poetically representative of the wreck and decay of so much else that was beautiful and great in Italy. A faint, filmy, dirty indication yet appears of the tender beauty of the Saviour's head, as if, (to express in other terms Wordsworth's idea of it,) Time and Decay themselves, which have even more injured every other important part of the picture, had here felt some slight reverence. Of the other heads scarcely anything can be made out; and some of them, mottled all over with the appearing wall, black weather-stains, and the thrice repeated streakings of the wretched redaubers, have a miserably grotesque character. They look like rude caricatures of what was originally intended, a wretched parody of it,—even as the religion prevailing around is of the true Christianity. The dim beauty of the Saviour's face—faint as a calm moon within the edges of a thickening smoke—creates the impression of having been more youthful than the head in the engraving, and far more beautiful, in the close sense of the word beauty. How Leonardo remained days in meditation before that face in its unfinished state, his hands idly before him, everybody knows, and how the good Prior grew fidgety, and even indignant, and at length carried a complaint to my Lord Duke; when the painter made him aware that thinking is not idleness, and that men are often best employed when apparently doing nothing; the conception then proceeding most actively and successfully, and the execution not wandering on in the dark before it. The story that he retaliated on the Prior by making him the model of that hard self-possessed Judas, whose head was the other difficulty, is rendered improbable by the known worth of the Prior, and the good nature of Leonardo himself: besides, the face indicates no monstrous wickedness, such as is implied by these traditionary stories, and very properly, since, had the dark apostle been thus branded in the visage, he would not, surely, have been so trusted.*

The convent court is converted into the stable-yard of a barrack, with a copious Judas-like heap of manure rising darkly in the midst of its light arcades, which were frescoed by some of Leonardo's pupils. Their works are

* After leaving Milan, Leonardo deserted the divine art he had here faithfully followed, and betrayed science into the hands of murder and rapine—grievous to relate. He became travelling engineer to Caesar Borgia, and made journeys through his dominions, to strengthen the fortresses and offensive engines of that horrible monster. Oh, what a falling off was there! Surely, when so occupied, he must have sometimes reverted compunctiously to his employments here, and, remembering those two contrasted faces, have exclaimed, "Oh, great archetypes and symbols, are ye, as 'twere, of myself, and of what I have abandoned? Disgraceful irresolution, and inability to cope with the world, which throws me to the very feet of the first occupation that offers! Oh, too seductive thoughtfulness of science, which so absorbs me that I am apt to overlook utterly the object for which I use its powers!" His want of practical energy with his pencil, and the disappointments resulting from it, give a melancholy tinge to the latter part of his career. Leo X. bespoke a picture from him; but when he saw Leonardo only fiddle-faddling about the composition of a varnish, he exclaimed, "The man will do nothing; he is thinking of the end, before he has made a beginning." At Florence, the Servite monks took him with all his household into their abode, flattering themselves that thus they held him safe. Many a meal was devoured by those burdensome guests, before any equivalent appeared. At length, however, the cartoon now belonging to our R. A. came forth, and excited such admiration, that all Florence flocked to it, as to some high festival. But how provoking was that which followed! As usual, Leonardo, all at once, became absorbed in another pursuit. He took to painting the portrait of the celebrated Ginevra Benci, and deserted the monks of the Nunziata. His only work in France was canal-making, accompanied by procrastinating promises of something from his easel; and thus matters went on but haltingly, till a lingering and fatal illness overtook him. He is said to have then added to his multifarious acquirements by labouring diligently to make himself acquainted with the Catholic ritual, and the true path of the Christian faith; and to have lamented on his death-bed, that he had offended God and man by not labouring in Art as he ought to have done.

* We avail ourselves of the first opportunity of amending an erroneous impression conveyed in page 322 of our last volume. We there stated that in the composition of his "Last Supper," Leonardo was much indebted to a bas-relief by Luca della Robbia, now in the Soulas collection. A clearer view of that bas-relief, which hangs over a door in a bad light, shows that it is not by Luca himself, but a later work by one of his followers. In this case Leonardo must therefore have been the original, not the copyist.

now all faded and redaubed; and stable refuse is piled against the walls, and chokes up the windows they decorated. A cenacolo of Austrian dragoons was seated on the benches, devouring bread and cheese and garlic; and others were grooming their horses in the middle of the court. Oh, the abomination of desolation has indeed visited this unhappy land; and here we pathetically feel it!

In the Ambrosian library at Milan are many of Leonardo's pen and ink studies—grotesque caricatures, female heads, little round portly horses, and a multitude of other scraps, some of them drawn with extraordinary neatness, though for the most part stiffly and feebly; the whole highly significant of the desultory character of his mind and lamentable habit of trifling away time. Many of the caricatures were done, it is said, in furtherance of his favourite inquiry into the imagined connection between human and brute physiognomies; but surely, for a scientific purpose, the limits of nature should not have been passed; and these faces are commonly neither brute nor human, but monstrous grotesque, and with little or no humour. Moreover, the many studies by Da Vinci, to be seen here and elsewhere, abundantly confirm the impression which the rest of his works known to us creates—namely, that he possessed very little invention. If his brain had teemed with fine conceptions, it is not in nature for him to have restrained the expression of them, and wasted so much time in elaborating these trifling and niggled little things, so different from the inventiveness and importance of almost every sketch we have seen by Raphael, and, at the same time, so inferior in their hardness and feebleness of drawing to his easy and spirited truthfulness. The "Last Supper" is a work of elaborate intellectual deduction rather than a truly imaginative impression; the "Battle of the Standard," commonly thought to be his design, is simply Rubens's, suggested by Vasari's description of the lost cartoon; and what else is there of Leonardo's to indicate power of imagination? His Holy Families, usually with the kneeling Infant Baptist, are singularly deficient in variety. It is of course wholly inconceivable that he could have filled the pontifical halls with works comparable to Raphael's for creative power. Comparisons are odious, and we make this one in no vain disparagement of Da Vinci, but in just respect for another, far greater in every way, with whom he has been groundlessly ranked in terms of transcendental praise, as if he were his equal—nay, something superior, in completeness and profundity. But, in truth, his powers have been most strangely and inconsistently misrepresented by many writers. Vasari, at the beginning of his eulogium, says:—"There was an inexpressible grace manifested without effort in every work, and so rare an ability, that to whatever subject he turned his attention, however difficult, he presently made himself absolute master of it. Extraordinary power was conjoined with remarkable facility." Now nothing can be less characteristic of Leonardo than this. He was so far from possessing this facility, that it must be manifest to all who really study his works, and not his critics merely, that they were produced—we can hardly say *finished*, so few of them were completed—with an unparalleled slowness and labour, resulting not in the graceful lightness and ease of a Terburg or Rembrandt, but in a hardness that betrays the want of facility very unpleasantly: yet Vasari himself, a page or two on, adds, inconsistently enough—"Many of his undertakings were never completed, because it appeared to him that the hand could never give its due perfection to the object which he beheld in his imagination; for he frequently formed an idea

so subtle and wonderful, that no hands, however able, could fully realize it." The ascription of a divine power, so often made, seems here virtually abandoned. "But there is good reason," Vasari continues, "to believe that the very greatness of his most exalted mind, aiming at more than could be effected, was itself an impediment: perpetually seeking to add perfection to perfection—this was the true hindrance." The proper amendment here would be that he aimed at more than *he* could effect, seeking to *attain* perfection, for its accomplishment by no means appears in his works. Notwithstanding all his knowledge and refinement, his productions had, in other lands especially, been already excelled in some of the most important technical requisites; and in almost every respect they were far surpassed soon afterwards.

This tune in honour of Leonardo having long become conventional, catches the ear of Young Ottley, and is hummed forth by his lips enthusiastically; but when we turn to the only specimens he can set before our eyes, we are struck with their paucity and prominent blemishes. Mr. Ruskin, too, finds Leonardo an available image in giving rhetorical point and picturesqueness to transcendental dogmatism.* For our humble selves, it has been "so far forth" our aim to draw some of the embroidered veils of undistinguishing admiration from before the image of a refined and philosophical improver of Art, knowing that vague and exaggerated praise yields only a spurious and barren fame. It is a distinct perception of the merits actually existing, which alone confers on those who are admired, the true honour of imparting a fertilizing delight and instruction.

* "Classed by love of beauty, Leonardo will stand highest."—*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 43. Where are the proofs of this to be met with? An echo from every collection we have been able to visit answers, Where? Careful examination of numbers of the painter's works convinces us that he is not entitled to any such distinction. Its strength, we have little doubt, lay in subtlety of character and of expression. His most attractive figures are sweet, elegant, and tender, but certainly not eminently beautiful. In his favourite mannered female heads, the over-heavy eyelids, the full cheeks and dimplings, the *ala* of the nostrils, and other features of the kind, are generally expressed with a hardness and exaggeration by no means indicative of an intensely delicate feeling for beauty. It was exquisite in Mr. Ruskin here again to ignore Raphael. Had Da Vinci "stood highest for love of beauty," his sketch-books would have abounded with endeavours to trace out the connection between the human and the divine, rather than with monstrous media between the human and the brute, with stiffly rounded insipid prettiness, and finical modellings with his pen of clumsy little horses, in which the beauty of the noble animal is missed. In his first example of a proper manner of ranking the painters, we are told by Mr. Ruskin that the habitual choice of sacred subjects "constitutes the painter, so far forth, one of the highest order; as, for instance, Leonardo in his painting of the 'Last Supper.' He who delights in representing the acts or meditations of great men, as, for instance, Raphael painting the School of Athens, is so far forth a painter of the second order." Of course the immediate comment here is, that Leonardo, besides this one "Last Supper," painted scarcely any picture (none, so far as we know, that survive) of the highest class of subject, but commonly wasted his time in trifles, as we have abundantly had to lament. Raphael, on the other hand, not only treated the *Cenacolo*—most probably twice—but all the other greatest events of Holy Writ, with an energy and variety of invention wholly unparalleled. It may be said, on Mr. Ruskin's part, that he means strictly to limit his assertion within the particular terms he uses;—so far as they pointed such subjects. But admitting this, such instances, put forth in a pompous didactic style, as an illustration of the right way of classing painters, are most absurdly inapposite and partial. We might just as properly say, Dante, the author of a sublime mystery, is, so far forth, in the highest place; Milton, the writer of lyrical dramas and sonnets, so far forth, in the second; or Sophocles, who sounded the depths of tragedy, will necessarily belong to the first order in his sphere, and Shakspeare, a writer of sportive comedies and dramatic fairy tales, will henceforth take rank in the second order of geniuses. Truly our critic, "so far forth," is himself not a creditable painter of painters, and we fear must "take rank" parallel with some of the lower limners he disdains so majestically, or, to use his own solemn words, "no rank at all—rather a negative rank, holding a certain order in the abyss;" for, bearing in mind his animus against Raphael, expressed so openly elsewhere, there can, we think, be little doubt that this is not mere carelessness or love of high sounding dogmatism, such as is unhappily frequent with him, but an unjustly disparaging remark, levelled deliberately against the special object of his aversion.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE HOME-EXPECTED.

W. Mulready, R.A., Painter. C. Cousen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 1 in. by 1 ft. 8 in.

A TIME will come—even if it has not already arrived—when the works of Mr. Mulready will be as eagerly coveted, in England, at least, as those of any artist of any time or country. Nearly sixty years have elapsed since he came over from Ireland to enter the schools of the Royal Academy, where it was soon predicted of him, that "one day he would distinguish himself." The dawn of that day soon appeared, and from its earliest hour to the present the sun of his fame has never gone down, nor been obscured, except when he has voluntarily or unavoidably withdrawn himself from public observation; but for the last nine years the world has seen little or nothing of him on the walls of the Royal Academy, except two or three pictures painted in his earlier days, and that exhibited last year, "The Young Brother," painted for the Vernon Gallery; this work had been long on the easel, and therefore may be classed in the same category, though not entirely completed till recently. In 1848 he made his last great appearance before the world by exhibiting four paintings, one of which, "The Butt," was worthy of his very best time. The exhibition, however, which was opened the same year in the large room of the Society of Arts at the Adelphi, showed the progressive and accumulative powers of the painter to the greatest advantage. Here were collected the results of half a century's earnest and patient study, unceasing devotedness to his pursuit, and increasing experiences. More than two hundred works of various kinds, told perspicuously the story of this most eminent artist's professional life.

It is, we believe, a fact—and, if true, it is a singular one in the practice of painters—that Mr. Mulready very rarely finished a picture till a long time after its commencement; as many as twenty or even thirty years have been suffered to elapse between the beginning and the end. This delay was occasioned almost invariably by his extreme desire to satisfy himself—to realize his own conceptions of what the work should be: he felt, too, that year by year he added to his knowledge, and matured his powers, and thus, year by year the pictures gradually "ripened under his hand;" and from this method of procedure it is, perhaps, that we see in all no approximation to change of style, though full evidence of comparative improvement.

Though the quality of expression was among the excellences at which he aimed, those of drawing and colour seem to have been most studiously sought after and realized: we speak of his practice now in the past tense, for we cannot expect, in the course of nature, to see much more of any kind from the pencil of the venerable artist, who is, we believe, the oldest member of the Academy, except Mr. James Ward. What fine examples of drawing are the studies from the life in black and red chalk, which were exhibited, with his pictures, in the Adelphi! At the present time a number of these sketches are being reproduced in lithography, at the instance of the Department of Science and Art, for the students in the various Government Schools; and nothing better of their kind could be put into the hands of pupils. Colour, Mr. Mulready seems ever to have held in profound estimation; and he has had his reward, accordingly, in an acquisition of power with respect to this quality which has never been surpassed—rarely equalled. And yet it is singular that his pictures do not engrave well; they are not translatable into black and white: the fact is only to be accounted for by other facts—the absence of strong contrasts, and the absolute negation, or nearly so, of whites, or very high lights; with marvellous brilliancy and richness of colour, there is at the same time such extreme harmony, that it is impossible they can make effective engravings: hence it is we see so few from the works of this admirable painter. A notable example of these deficiencies is supplied in the picture of the "Home-Expected,"—a most pleasing composition, but of so uniform a tone throughout as to deprive the work of more than half its value when denuded of its golden plumage—a warm, sunny tint of colour.

The picture hangs in one of the corridors of Buckingham Palace.







W. MULREADY, R.A. PINXT

C. COUSEN, SCULPT

THE HOME-EXPECTED.
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON: JAMES E. VIRTUE.

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VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 4.—CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

THE ESTABLISHMENTS OF MESSRS. ROWNY & CO.,
AND OF MESSRS. M. & N. HANHART.

LIKE the dyer's hand, the human mind takes colour from that it works in: so Shakspeare wrote, and the truth of this is rendered evident by each day's experience. Surround any individual mind with deformities, and the result is that it becomes depraved—its tastes, its feelings are perverted, and it loses the power of perceiving the difference between the true and the false. We have evidences of this in childhood, when the ill-formed doll, the rude representation of a horse, or the gaudily-coloured, but ill-drawn picture, becomes the idol of the heart. In maturity we discover the continuance of this perversion, and find the man expressing his admiration of some caricature of nature, and the woman rejoicing in the deformities which are the fashion of her class, although every propriety is set at defiance, and the rules of decency scarcely escape violation. Surround another individual mind with objects of beauty, whether of nature or of Art, these become its types, with which all other things are compared—its standard by which it measures the correctness of Art-productions, and to the test of which even Nature is submitted.

There is not any remarkable difference in the capacities of men, but there is the widest possible diversities in their power of appreciating those things which are offered for the entertainment of the imagination, or for the improvement of the intellect. "A clear blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove an insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches and tapers, gilding and glitter—eyes that will turn with disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy silken robe, striped and intersected with unfriendly tints, that fritter the masses of light and distract the vision, pinked into the most fantastic forms, flounced and furbelowed, and fringed with all the littleness of art unknown to elegance."

Knowing then the importance of preventing the formation, on the tablet of the mind, of unnatural or impure pictures, and seeing, that as the camera-obscura represents the objects around, so does the dark box of the human soul exhibit the influences external to itself, it becomes one of the most important elements in education to secure the absence of all those things which are destitute of truth, incongruous in themselves, and consequently which tend to produce a vitiated taste. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary—and we know it has been so said—we have the fullest conviction in the soul-purifying power of the works of genius; and hence it is our earnest desire to see such works as widely spread as possible amongst the people. A cheap literature is finding its way through the length and breadth of the land. It would be a blessing could we say it was a pure literature, but somehow or other this large field is left to the care of a set of adventurers who find that their spiced meat is eagerly devoured, and they spice it accordingly, regardless of the results. Art has been greatly cheapened, and we feel confident that the dissemination of really good engravings from the works of the best masters, and woodcuts representing pleasing subjects, have already done their work of good. The *Art-Journal* is fairly entitled to take some credit to itself for what it has effected within the field of its exertion, and there are other illustrated journals which have done their work full well, and aided in improving the public taste. It is not without regret that we have recently seen the production of pictures in colours which have been, with a few exceptions, false in every principle, and the tendency of which must be—seeing that they are rendered attractive by their brilliant colouring, and knowing, as we do, that they are used to adorn the wall of the cottage, and the parlour of the respectable mechanic—that they, like the spiced literature already referred to, will tend to deprave the taste, to destroy all feeling for the works true to nature, which are calm and unobtruding in their truth, and to render the mind insensible to any influences that are not in the highest degree stimulating.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY, which we have classed as an Art-manufacture (and a description of the processes employed will show that we are correct in doing so), offers the means of repeating the work of the artist in the artist's own best style. Thus, it is one of the means for obtaining the end which we desire—offering, it appears, the greatest facilities for diffusing a taste for Art, for educating the people in a correct appreciation of its powers, and guiding them aright in the knowledge of its principles. Chromo-lithography affords us the means of reproducing facsimiles of the best works of the best masters in colours. Some of the productions have already been so nearly perfect, that at a little distance the mechanical picture could not be distinguished from the original work, of which it was a copy; they may therefore fairly take their places on the walls of those who are not sufficiently affluent to purchase the original production of the artist, in the same way as a line engraving substitutes the picture of which it is the representation; while the chromo-lithograph has the charm of colour super-added.

We have lately visited the works of some of the most celebrated of our lithographic printers, who have especially worked in colours, but we must endeavour to describe the methods by which the pictures are produced, before we say anything of the chromo-lithographs themselves.

Lithography, from *lithos*, a stone, and *graphe*, writing, is the process of obtaining impressions from writings or drawings previously made upon stone. The stones best suited for this purpose are obtained at Solenhofen, near Munich: they are not unlike some of our Bath stones; but hitherto no success appears to have attended the use of any British rock as a lithographic stone. Quarries of the fine-grained sandstones used occur along the banks of the Danube, in the county of Pappenheim, which are extensively worked. The good quality of a lithographic stone is generally denoted by the following characters—it has a yellowish grey hue, and uniform throughout, a steel point makes an impression upon it with difficulty, its fracture is conchoidal.

The stones from Munich are retailed on the spot in the form of slabs, or layers, having an equal thickness; they are obtained from the quarries by sawing, in such a manner as to sacrifice as little as possible of the irregular edges of the slabs. One of the sides is then dressed and coarsely smoothed. The thickness of these stones varies from 1½ inch to 3 inches, and is nearly proportional to their other dimensions.

The stones receive their finishing, dressing, and polishing at the lithographic establishment, which operations are performed in the same manner as the grinding and polishing of mirror plate. The work is done by hand—by rubbing one slab, with a circular movement, over another, the lower one being fixed in a horizontal position, and having finely-sifted sand with water placed upon it. The degree of polish to be obtained is determined by the style of work that the stones are intended to produce. For crayon drawing the stone is grained according to the fancy of the draughtsman. The higher the finish of the surface, the softer are the drawings; but a smaller number of impressions can be taken, as the printing surface becomes pasty much quicker. For chromo-lithography this preparation of the surface is of the utmost importance. When the stones are required to be worked upon with ink they should be still more softened down, and the final polish produced with pumice stone and water: thus prepared, the stones are packed for use with white paper between their surfaces. To work on these stones *lithographic crayons* are employed.

Lithography depends upon the power of the stone to absorb grease, and to yield it up again in part to another absorbent body, such as paper. The processes of the art have been stated to be founded on the following principles.

1. Upon the adhesion to a grained or finely-polished stone of an encaustic fat, which forms the lines of the drawing or writing.

2. Upon the power acquired by the parts penetrated by this encaustic of attracting to themselves and becoming covered with printer's ink.

3. Upon the interposition of a film of water over those parts of the stone which have not the greasy lines of the drawing, or writing.

4. Upon a pressure applied to the stone, such as

to transfer to paper the greater part of the ink which covers the greasy tracings or drawings of the encaustic.

To insure the absence of ink from those parts of the stone which have not the required lines, or which correspond with those parts of the picture or writing which should be white, the water employed is slightly acidulated.

For fine lithographic prints, the crayons must possess every requisite quality: the ingredients which they contain should be of such a nature as to adhere strongly to the surface of the stone, both after the drawing has received the preparation of acid, and during the printing; they should be sufficiently hard to admit of a fine point being made, and to work comfortably without breaking. The following composition for crayons has been employed successfully by MM. Bernard and Delarue, at Paris, who have been long celebrated for their manufacture of lithographic materials:—

Pure wax (best quality)	4 parts.
Dry white tallow soap	2 "
Gum lac	2 "
White tallow	2 "
Lampblack, enough to give a dark tint	1 "
Occasionally copal varnish	1 "

The wax must be melted over a gentle heat, and the lac added by degrees in small pieces, keeping the wax stirred the whole time; the soap is then introduced in fine shavings, and when these substances are perfectly mixed, the copal varnish, which should contain the lampblack, must be poured in. The heat and agitation are continued until the mixture acquires the requisite consistence, which may be recognised by letting a small portion cool on a smooth surface, and testing its quality with a pen-knife. The composition, on being cut, should afford brittle slices. The boiling may be quickened by igniting the rising vapours, which increases the temperature, and renders the fumes less offensive. When ready, the substance must be poured into a brass mould of a convenient crayon size, which has been previously smeared with a greasy cloth.

Lithographic ink, for producing the ordinary prints, is prepared in the following manner:—

Wax	16 part
Tallow	6 "
Hard tallow soap	6 "
Shell-lac	12 "
Mastic in tears	8 "
Venice turpentine	1 "
Lampblack	4 "

The mastic and lac, previously ground together, are to be carefully heated in the turpentine, the wax and tallow are to be added after they are taken off the fire, and when their solution is effected, the soap shavings must be thrown in; lastly, the lampblack is to be well intermixed. Whenever the union is accomplished by heat, the operation is finished; the liquor is left to cool a little, then poured out on tables, and, when cold, cut into square rods.

Lithographic ink of good quality should be susceptible of forming an emulsion, so attenuated that it may appear to be dissolved when rubbed upon a hard body in distilled or rain water. The ink should be flowing in the pen, not spreading on the stone; capable of forming delicate traces, and very black, to show its delineations. The most essential quality of the ink is to sink well into the stone, in order to re-produce the most delicate outlines of the drawing, and to afford a great number of impressions. It must be able, therefore, to resist the acid with which the stone is moistened, without letting any of the greasy material which it contains escape.

The ink which has been described may be employed equally with the pen and brush, for writing, black-lead drawing, *aqua tinta*, mixed drawings, woodcuts, &c. When the ink is required for use, it must be rubbed down with water, till the shade be of requisite depth; the plate or slab upon which the ink is rubbed should be heated to a temperature of from 84° to 90° Fahr. As the ink rarely keeps in a liquid state for more than twenty-four hours, no more should be dissolved than is required for use at the time. The artistic work may be either executed at once on the stone, or it may be produced on paper, and transferred to the stone.

AUTOGRAPHIC PAPER.—The operation by which writing or drawing is transferred from paper to stone is termed autography; it not only presents a means of abridging labour, but also of reverting the writing or drawing into the direction in which they

were traced: whilst, if executed directly upon the stone, the impression given by it is inverted; hence a writing upon stone must be inverted from right to left to obtain direct impressions. By means of autographic paper and the transfer, proofs are obtained in the same direction with the writing and drawing, while the tedious and difficult task of reversed writing is avoided.

AUTOGRAPHIC INK.—This ink should be fatter and softer than that applied directly to the stone, in order that it may dry upon the paper, and still preserve sufficient viscosity to stick to the stone by mere pressure. The ink is composed of—

White soap	100 parts.
White wax of best quality	100 "
Mutton suet	30 "
Shell-lac	50 "
Mastic	50 "
Lampblack	30 or 35 "

These materials are to be melted in the same manner as described for the lithographic ink. It will be understood that if this page had been printed with an ink like the above, and if it was then turned face down on the lithographic stone, and a gentle rubbing pressure applied, that a copy of it would be obtained on the stone; and if a damp sponge was then passed over the stone, that all the inked parts, rejecting the acidulated water, would receive a greasy ink, which would not stain the parts of the stone covered with that fluid. Such is lithography.

Chromo-lithography, as the process of printing in colour from stone is termed, has not been long introduced, and, considering all the difficulties which surround the process, great progress has undoubtedly been made. It must not, however, be for one moment supposed that the art is perfect in all its details; the results obtained by a purely mechanical process are surprising, and we may confidently predict that in a few years pictures of the highest possible merit will be produced by those skilful lithographers to whose works we shall presently more particularly allude. It is first important to describe the process of chromo-lithography. A drawing of the subject in outline, on transfer tracing-paper, is made in the ordinary way; when transferred to a stone, this drawing is called the *keystone*, and it serves as a guide to all the others, for it must be transferred to as many different stones as there are colours in the subject: as many as between thirty and forty stones have been used in the production of one coloured print. The first stone required, generally for flat, local tints, is covered with lithographic ink where the parts are required to be of solid colour; the different gradations are produced by rubbing the stone with rubbing-stuff, or tint-ink, made of soap, shell-lac, &c. &c., and with a pointed lithographic chalk where necessary. The stone is then washed over with nitrous acid, and goes through the entire process described above. A roller charged with lithographic printing ink is then passed over it to ascertain if the drawing comes as desired, and the ink is immediately afterwards washed off with turpentine; if satisfactory, this stone is ready for printing, and is worked off in the requisite colour; the next stone undergoes the same process for another colour, and so with the rest, till the work is complete: it will of course be understood that before any single impression is finished, it will have to pass through as many separate printings as there are drawings on stones. The colours used in printing, we may add, are ground up with burnt linseed oil, termed *varnish*. Supposing we have any picture in colours which we desire to copy; there is first made a general drawing of the whole, then, with great care, this is dissected, all the parts which are red being marked out on one stone, all the parts which are blue on another stone, all the parts which are yellow on a third stone, and so on through any number of stones. It is as if with the utmost caution we had cut up the picture, so as to separate every colour, or gradation of colour, and yet so exactly that every section fits, and unites into a perfect whole. To place a drawing of the character of one of Turner's productions, 'The Polyphemus,' for example, in which the colours, and the blendings of the colours, are most irregular, and yet the whole effect is harmonious, is a task of no small difficulty; but when once this is effected satisfactorily—although each picture may require thirty printings—the result is thus obtained with

comparative ease. Each stone is of the same size, and they all fit with much exactness into the frame of the lithographic printing press. It will, we think, be easily understood, that if on the centre of the upper edge of the frame there is a needle-point, and two others on the lower edge of the frame, permanently fixed, there will be made three fine holes in the paper when it is placed on the press. This being done, if at each printing the needle-points are made to pass through the same holes, the most perfect "register" will be effected. Every part of the picture will match with every other part, and the finished result will, if successful, disguise the mechanical ingenuity by means of which the result has been obtained.

The chromo-lithographic artist must, to a certain extent, employ the same means to produce any given effect as the original artist has done. The painter has obtained what he conceives to be the most natural or artistic effect by certain combinations of colour, or certain contrasts of colour. Every one of these conditions must be secured by the artist on stone, before the facsimile desired can be produced; that effect which the artist has obtained by means of the brush and the palette are mechanically repeated by using many stones charged with the same colours as those with which the artist charged his brush. It will, we think, be evident to our readers that we are correct in calling this process an Art-manufacture, though it is an Art-manufacture of the highest order.

At the establishments of Messrs. Rowney & Co. and Messrs. M. and N. Hanhart, which we have visited, we could not but express our admiration at the perfect imitations of the original drawings which they were enabled to produce with the lithographic stone. We examined, with much care, many of their productions, and there was only one point by which we detected the differences between the work of the artist and the Art-manufacture. In any water-colour drawing we find the evident marks of the brush, by which effects have been produced, and there is certain arrangement of the lines, marking each man's work, which we have not seen perfectly imitated in any of the chromo-lithographs. At the same time it must be admitted, that the peculiarities of the artist's style are repeated in a very remarkable manner, and, in many cases, where the drawing and the chromo-lithograph have been mounted in the same manner, and similarly framed and glazed, it has not been possible, at the distance of a few feet, to pronounce with certainty which was the original or which the copy. In some pictures, of which chromo-lithographic copies have been obtained, the number of colours have been so great, that between thirty and forty stones have been required to produce the necessary effects. The extent to which this is carried may be judged of by the fact, that to produce the correct colour employed by the artist Hunt in his 'Bird's Nest,' to represent the eggs, no less than three printings, and therefore three stones, were required;—and the peculiar effects, which are so beautifully given by the same artist to the plums, in his 'Delicious Dessert,' in which the powdery "bloom" is singularly real, we find reproduced, with very great success, by the use of four different stones, printing in the order—first blue, then red, then blue again, and then yellow—and each colour is, as it were, stippled on the stone, so that the combined effect is very nearly that of nature. Those two pictures are produced by Messrs. Hanhart.

Messrs. Rowney & Co. have lately published the 'Polyphemus' of Turner; and, as a reproduction of that extraordinary work, it is in every way a wonderful production. The blazing sun which shoots its powerful rays through masses of vapouring clouds, pied with every prismatic tint, and reflecting those on the heaving waters beneath, so that we have air and ocean blending, in purple and gold, into one dazzling whole, is as near an approach to perfection as anything which has yet been produced by this method. Some years since, Messrs. Day & Co. produced, by the same process, the 'Blue Lights.' In each of these pictures there is the same kind of exaggeration, and a similar kind of truth, and in both the chromo-lithographer has caught the wildest peculiarities. We are disposed to think that with the experience which has been gained, during the few years which have past since the 'Blue Lights' was produced, a superior manipulation has been

gained, and the general aerial effect of the latter picture is superior to that of the former one, as the result of this more delicate handling. The greatest possible merit is due to the enterprising lithographers who have, with so much perseverance, brought chromo-lithography to its present state. The following remarks from the prospectus of Messrs. George Rowney & Co. are so much to the purpose that we copy them:—

"Chromo-lithography has recently become one of the most popular arts in this country, from its having been adopted as a means for multiplying copies of oil paintings and water-colour drawings; and so admirably is it adapted for this purpose, that not only is each colour and gradation of light and shade rendered with remarkable accuracy, but even the very texture of the paint and the rough surface of the paper is copied with strict fidelity. Now, although this latter process may seem to the casual observer to be a matter of little moment, it is, in reality, of the greatest importance to the truthful representation of an artist's work, which, without texture, is apt to appear tame and insipid.

"Beautiful as are many of the fine line and mezzo-tint engravings, and perfect as they undoubtedly are in light and shade, they must always fail to give an accurate idea of a painter's style, owing to the absence of the colour of the original work. And when it is considered that colour is one of the greatest charms of the English school, and that, in this respect, the British artist is unrivalled, it will be readily admitted that without this new process many fine works, if published, would lose half their interest by being divested of that quality which appeals most directly to the eye, and produces that sense of pleasurable emotion so desirable when contemplating works of Art. It is, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that the publishers of this series of prints contemplate the success of their experiments in this new art. They were the first to perceive its capabilities, and they succeeded in developing its qualities, in despite of a strong amount of prejudice and opposition. They have worked steadily on, with one fixed object—that of producing facsimiles of good drawings, at such a moderate price as would bring them within the means of the public generally; hoping by this means to foster the love and appreciation of the Fine Arts, and to aid in some measure the spread of Art-education, the importance of which is now universally acknowledged. As manufacturers, in matters of taste, the English may be said to be behind many of their neighbours; but certainly no nation possesses artists more capable of rectifying the deficiency, and that in the best and simplest manner—namely, by example. But it is equally essential that the public should be able to discriminate between the really good and the mediocre; and nothing is more likely to tend to that desirable result than the constant contemplation of good works of Art. The eye by such means becomes insensibly tutored to observe and admire that which is beautiful and harmonious, and to reject those objects which are offensive to good taste."

Messrs. Rowney & Co. have produced, and are producing, copies of some of the best works of Turner, of Stanfield, of Roberts, of Lane, of Hunt, of Prout, and others. Messrs. Hanhart have also choice examples of the works of Stanfield, of Roberts, of Cooper, of Harding, of Richardson, of Holland. In those chromo-lithographic productions there is, as in the line engraving, many degrees of excellence, these depending, in one case as in the other, on the feeling of the artist on stone for the work which he may be employed to copy. The Wetterhorn and the Castle of Isenberg, from Richardson, and a scene on the Calabrian coast, from Rowbotham, appeared to possess the highest excellences. These were the productions of the presses of Messrs. M. and N. Hanhart. We still think, however, that it is quite practical to secure more of that softening influence of air, called, as it appears, not quite correctly, aerial perspective, than they have yet obtained. The 'Choice Fruit,' after Lane, and the 'Choice Dessert,' after Hunt, from the same establishment, leaves little to be desired. It is difficult, amongst the numerous productions of Messrs. George Rowney & Co., to particularize those possessing the highest degrees of excellence. We have already spoken of the Polyphemus of Turner. We have before us the 'Crossing the Ford,' after Mul-

ready, and 'The Canal of the Guidecca, and Church of the Jesuits, Venice,' after Stanfield, which are, as reproductions, neither more nor less than beautiful. The water of the canal, the blending of the distant hills, with the heavy cumuli which rise from the Adriatic, are, as artistic effects, triumphs in the original picture, and they are no less triumphs in the mechanical copy. The warmth of colouring in the chromo-lithograph after Mulready is preserved in a remarkable manner. A 'Sketch of St. Paul's,' after Dodgson, shows as perfectly as anything we have seen how completely the difficulties of printing air, smoke, or mist from a stone may be overcome.*

LAST HOURS OF THE PAINTERS.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

No. 1.—BRAUWER IN THE ANTWERP HOSPITAL.†

SCENE I.

The Hospital Reception-room. The old House-surgeon, in spectacles, is reading the entries of the last night from the Reception-book.

Surgeon (reads). "Dirk Guelders, brought in from the Sedan Chair Tavern, incised wound of head." Drunken brawl, I suppose. But where is that name the great painter, Peter Paul Rubens, came here the other day hoping to find. "Floris," "Vanderpot." No. Yes! here it is, I declare. "Adrian Brauwer, in a state of collapse, apparently produced by long indulgence in vice and unceasing drinking, found near the glasshouse furnaces. Pulse low—scarcely audible; stertorous snore—almost apoplectic; since, on tonics being administered, feverish and delirious." Bad, bad!—no hope for the poor vagabond painter, though he is the friend of Herr Rubens, and Hals's old pupil, as somebody said. This comes of your beer-drinking and smoking, and of the sottish boors you spent your foolish life drawing.—Dear me! dear me! where have I been and put my spectacles to?—I must go and look after the poor scoundrel who has sold himself to the devil, and never got his wages. It will look well with Herr Rubens, who is a man of mark and influence, and will be talked of as a deed of charity, and will—will—extend my practice—not that I do it for that. I'll just quill up my ruff a little first, and roll out my band-strings, and get Catherine to rub my gold-headed cane with a little rouge—I know the little puss won't have far to go for that plate-powder! And just a thimble full of Curaçoa, to prevent infection, for one does not know where these tramping fellows have been lying,—and then to charity. Thank Heaven! although I am old, and just a little bald, my heart is in the right place. Let me see. One ducatoon yesterday from Burgomaster Lieben; one from Frau Katsen. The money comes in—it comes in; but then, what with the taxes, the almsbox, and—

[Goes out, counting on his fingers.]

* A notice of several of these chromo-lithographic prints will be found under the head of "Reviews" in the present number of the *Art-Journal*.—Ed. A. J.

† ADRIAN BRAUWER, one of the most celebrated of the Dutch genre painters of the Teniers and Ostade school, was the son of poor parents, and born at Haerlem or Oudenarde—biographers dispute which. He was found by Frank Hals painting handkerchiefs for his mother to sell, and was taken by the painter and educated in his studio; but treated so cruelly that, by the help of his fellow pupil, Ostade, he escaped to Amsterdam, where, to his delight, he found the dealers' windows full of his pictures. Here, no longer a "milch cow" to the miser Hals, Brauwer plunged into low vice, painting merely to earn money for tavern feasts, and always idle or drunken. The rest of his life was Bohemian enough. He got imprisoned at Antwerp, and was released by the intercession of Rubens, who received him into his house and treated him as a brother. But the severe regimen of refined life is as unbearable to the Bohemian as a bedroom roofed in to an Arab chief. Again he plunged into the mud bath, and only reappeared to return and die in the Antwerp Hospital. Rubens put up a monument to this Morland of Holland.

SCENE II.

Ward No. 4. BRAUWER sitting up in bed, trying to sketch the man next him.

Brauwer. "We are the salt of the earth," quotha; that is what seemed written all over him. "Yes; and the pepper too," thought I; for I heard that same smooth-faced fellow of a chaplain flyblow a dozen good men's names yesterday while talking with the house-doctor in the window-seat for half an hour, only just after he had shut the Bible to, and marked his place—"Do as men should do unto you"—with a lavender stalk, taken from the blue and red china bowl on the side table. "Be merciful, even as your Father in heaven is merciful;" that is another of the chapters where the good man's lavender stalk goes—the lavender stalk, that pays you for pinching it by smelling all the sweeter. There, that lavender is the true Christian! When Rubens squeezed me, and gave me one of his sour, proud looks, I rammed my foot through my canvas of "The Tavern Feast," and went off to the canal boat whistling. Was I a pet dog, to be stroked quiet when I chose to show my teeth? I am not one of your lavender-stalk men. When you squeeze me, I give out no pleasant oil, but poison, for the squeezer.—But, thank Heaven, no one can say I am a hypocrite. You fellow in black there, bring me a stoup of Burgundy. You shake your head? A flask of sherry? No? Well, then, a tankard of miserable beer, for my throat is redhot; and if the burning once smoulder down to my heart, you'll have no more Brauwer to paint you boors up to their knees in torn cards, surgeons dressing a knife cut, or jolly toppers fighting in a heap on the tavern floor. Why don't you go? I have no money (*searches his coat, which lies on his bed, eagerly*)—no, not a stiver; and all the gold buttons I cut off to pay the drunken rascal of a bailiff at Paris to let me off; but I'll paint you that fellow with the red rag round his yellow skull forehead in the fourth bed in my row. Yes—yes I will. Go—go for the liquor! He does not go. Fling a pillow at him, you No. 6, with the red spots on your face; you are nearest. Why does not No. 7 hit him with his fist? he is close by.—Oh! No. 7 is dead—under the sheet. Very well. I beg Van Undertaker's pardon; I should be sorry to disturb him.

No. 6. Be quiet, No. 1; the fever is on you: that is not the doorkeeper; that is only the Doctor's black cloak hung up while he goes round the next ward.

No. 2. Can't you let us sleep, No. 1. It is very hard poor sick men can't be let sleep; and all for a drunken madman picked up in the streets.

Brauwer. Take care, you skeleton in sheep's clothing, or I'll throttle you before the Doctor can come. If I was picked up in the street, I wasn't born there, like you. Take care, or I'll paint you as a devil in my next picture for the Duke d'Arenberg. Why, you are only fit to sit as a model for Lazarus at the Rich Man's Gate. You have the sores of Lazarus and the bad heart of Dives, you scoundrel, you! What business have they to put you next to an unfortunate great man's bed, whose shoes you are not fit even to black. Grumble away! Say a word more, and I'll fling this bottle of leeches at you, you pickle-herring, you saucy matchseller, you. I have seen better men than you hung before this.—That pain in my temple again! Where am I? Landlord! another flagon of canary; that'll make three. More lights. Another chair for the great Peter Paul Rubens.—If that rogue of a dealer will not give a hundred ducatoons for "The Skittle Players," bring it back—D'ye hear?—and I'll ram it with my foot into the stove fire. "Too cold in colour," says he. Well, that will warm it. Be going, or I'll toss the mug at thee! Don't bandy words with the great Dutch painter.

No. 6. His head wanders. This drunken glazier is the curse of the ward.

Brauwer. Here! bring my colour-box, Dirk, and the golden amber oil in the dusty schiedam bottle over the fireplace, and my hogs' brushes that I have worn into shape, and my mahogany shield with the ring of the rainbow in it. There it is!—under the bed of that quiet fool, who will keep his shaved head under the sheet; and my heavy maulstick, that I should have knocked old Hals down with when he kept me locked up, without beer or meat, in that filthy garret, where you could hear the fleas, and the rats nibbled at you by daylight. Faugh! How glad I was to burst out into the blue air, and get to the good taverns of Amsterdam! St. Didymus! didn't I leap for joy to see a picture of mine in a dealer's window. There, that is the sketch I began on the ale-barrel last night when I drew the landlord on the wainscoat with the redhot poker, when some one touched my poor sick brain with fire, and sent me here on a shutter. I could hear them saying, "Dead drunk; dead drunk!" like a funeral service, over me; but I knew the way to trick them, and save coach hire. I am not the green gosling fool that I was when Ostade let me out of that cursed garret of Hals's. Not I. Now for fame! Fill the glass again; froth in snow flowers: that's good! Shake that quiet fellow at No. 7 up; I want to immortalise him.

No. 6. Death has done that already. Draw me. You can leave out where they put the blister.

Brauwer. A merry fellow. Now I like that; but don't joke me about death. That is the way the Doctor talks. "Black fever," then shakes his head like a rattlesnake; "third stage; it is no use giving that man any more medicine."—"I know it," I said; give me brandy—*aqua vite*. Let me swim in it—brandy; and look here—a long clean pipe—I don't like your foul pipe; it makes me ill. My stomach is not as strong as it was; what though I have a splendid constitution, and a chest (*strikes it and laughs*). Sings—

The white rose-clouds were all in flower
Up in the wandering blue,
And in between the bursts of sun
The lark, rejoicing, flew.

O that won't do, that is Isey's song.—Now, No. 6, as you have been civil, I'll sketch you a Cuyp. Squeeze me out some vermilion, ivory black, ochres, and blues. Thank you. Now then (*pretends to paint on his coverlet*). We'll soak it in sunshine after: I have the glaze here in this bottle; it's all a trick, and is done with a certain sort of a brush. Haven't I caught the viper critic cant! There, didn't I tell you! Gentleman in scarlet cloak, holding a black horse—red cow patched with white, and a wine-coloured bull—boy fishing in a canal under some pollard willows. I know the trees, close to Haerlem, where I used to paint the handkerchiefs with flowers for my mother to sell. I was happy then: the devil wine hadn't taken me by the hand then! I can do any style: yellow tan dogs pulling at a wild boar's ear—that is Snyders. Both's white horse; Teniers' grey men in red caps, playing at bowls; Ostade, with his golden gloom—all learnt from me—chaldrons bright as plate—cabbages, curling and crinkling—canal boats with umbery sails swollen with wind—foggy sunset, as over the 'dunes,' half dull smoky red, half red burnished to polished ruby, kindling in threads and bars of fire. Bless you, I know all their tricks! Flowers, too, Guelder roses like puffs of snow—poppies burning to a black core—gilt sunflowers—hollyhocks in rosettes—the lily's silver cup—the violet, orange, as I am, at heart, and so on. I think I shall give up my painting now, and go over to the bleaching ground outside the wall—though I never see the clean linen without longing to begin to paint on it, and

the grey clouds don't sit still like good model boors, with red cauliflower noses, you give your gulden an hour to stare at you.—Now I have no money I shall have more leisure, and shall do great things; and hang me if I be shut up any more, with only a bottle of wine a-day, at Rubens's. The cursed hospital I was in yesterday was better than that, with its row of numbered beds, (your next-hand man perhaps a dead man!) and that horrid bare room, with the coffin-lid ceiling, and nothing to listen to but the consumptive cough and the gurgling of the medicine that made me thirsty, and that breathing of the angel in the clock-case—"one and two, and one and two"—till I flung a stool at it. If I asked for aquafortis to etch with, they thought I wanted it to drink—burn them!—What did the doctor say of my pictures at the duke's, where he dined yesterday? Let me think—my memory flatters. I heard him telling the smooth-faced chaplain, as he passed carelessly my bed, not thinking I was the man—I know all their drivelling cant, but how was it?—"The expression so lively and characteristic, the management of the colour so surprising and transparent, the finish so exquisite and so truthful, the drawing so correct," and all the work of that poor wretch (that's me), with the crack through the brain, and the withered up heart. I called to them to hand me the wine jug—they first laughed and then scolded.—Where am I? Hals's garret, with the sloping roof and dusty stacks of lumber pictures? No; the window is in the wrong place. The church I hid from him in behind the font, watching every face that entered? No; there is a chest of drawers where God's altar and the star candles should be. The Amsterdam picture-dealer's saloon? No; I see no table covered with Turkey carpet, no Titians on the wall. O poor, poor brain! (*rises on one elbow*) where is it? Oh, help my poor dim eyes! The Antwerp prison? No; there are no rings and chains, no soldiers playing at cards for me to sketch them at the table in the corner. Rubens's house, with the nosegay pictures, and the stately man in black? No; there is no easel here, no pictures. The tavern den at Paris, reeking of smoke, and noisy with the clash of swords; the hideous faces covered with hair, like the baboon devils of Breughel? No; I have it—it is the great inn at Strasburg. The wine is in my head! What do all these people do in my bedroom?

No. 7. Pray be quiet, and let us sleep; you are in the Antwerp Hospital.

Brauer. Oh don't say the hospital—don't say the hospital! My heart is full of blood, my brain still beating like a printing-press at work; I have materials for thirty years of life in this busy factory of my body. I have been a sinner—Heaven help me! That spasm again, like a knife drawn across my heart! Hear me from thy throne, O Judge of all! Don't press so on my forehead, Doctor—that is where I am in such pain. Wine—wine, or I faint! I am often in this way—it is for want of wine. Save me, Doctor! save me from that great black hand that claws at me—keep me from that square hole in the ground they push me into! I will not die—I will repent! Lord, have mercy upon me! There comes that hand again! no—no, not yet!—(*dies*).

SCENE III.

Door opens, enter RUBENS.

Doctor. I think you said the name of the patient was—?

Rubens. Adrian Brauer.

Doctor. Adrian Brauer—that is No. 1, quite at the further end.

Rubens (*coming up, lifts the sheet*). Poor Adrian! he is asleep.

Doctor. He is dead!

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

WE are living, it would seem, in a time of retributions. The age which has been characterized as emphatically the age of practical applications, has an ear and a heart, it is found, open to sentimental ones. That Science to which the world of our day has so largely surrendered itself is not, after all, the cold ungenial spirit which it was a fashion once to call her. In her search over the field of fact, she comes now and then, we see, on a neglected grave, and by its side she takes a reverent stand. In the very whirl of her rush over the present, she will pause to restore, with pious hand, some fading inscription of the past. This busy period of ours finds leisure for the verification of old titles and the redress of posthumous wrongs. In more than one of its very busiest marts, for example, the wheels stood still, not many weeks ago, to let proclamation be made, in the name of the Scottish Muse, of the accomplishment of the first period of that Burns' immortality which is to be reckoned in centuries. Then, wandering through one of those melancholy areas which sanitary science has at length reclaimed from the service of pestilence to the wholesome uses of a city, the age stumbled, only the other day, over the unmarked resting-place of the artist Stothard, and handed it, reproachfully, over to the Muse in whose cause he wrought so long and so well. Down by the old Abbey walls, at Westminster, under whose shadow, as it were, all the great motive agencies of this time of marvels have met, or are to meet, has been found fitting the unappeased ghost of him who planted in our soil the mighty principle that is the strength of them all. Hard by the Dean's Sanctuary, the genius of our day has to celebrate, ere long, an ancient achievement mightier than its own, to write the name of William Caxton, and the record of his great gift to England,—the Printing-press. And now, the figure of Josiah Wedgwood starts suddenly up in the path of science, from its sleep of more than sixty years, a claimant for the notice of that spirit of redress which is abroad, and at once finds such a reception as befits it from the chivalry of the age.

And who was Josiah Wedgwood, that he should assert a place in the memories of busy men? Who was Josiah Wedgwood! It were as reasonable—and, indeed, something like the same thing—to ask, who is the Emperor of China. Josiah Wedgwood was a worthy who, as regards all that has for ages presented the figure of that celestial potentate most familiarly to the English mind, did, in his day, enter on a rivalry with the Brother of the Sun and Moon. He ran "Stoke" against "Pekin" for the plate. The man who should seriously put the above question would raise an inference, as respects himself, that dinner is to him an unfamiliar fact. Wedgwood is a name which he who eats may read. It is more widely known, and greatly more respected, than the willow pattern. Peculiarly and emphatically, Wedgwood is a "household word." Commerce has carried the name into all the cities of the earth, and pilgrims into all the deserts. We of a century later than Wedgwood's, live in a period of great excitement, when Science casts her triumphs into shapes so startling, that it should seem scarcely surprising if the world overlooks, for a time, those labours of hers, however worthy of their source and useful to itself, which took forms less strange and transcendental. But Science is justified of all her children, and justifies them in return: and now that attention is called to the name of Josiah Wedgwood, it will be found, that the dazzling nature of the scientific lights amid which we live will serve but to throw their stronger illumination on the

grave of the artist-potter, where it lies, as yet unhonoured, amongst the English hills into whose sterility he brought a new Etruria.

We may rejoice, then, that the men and the women of that hardworking but unromantic and unpicturesque district of busy England have been aroused to a sense of what they owe to this great man, and are about to honour his memory. And we trust the glory will not be theirs alone, but that from every part of England aids will be tendered to do the work worthily; for there is no part of England which derives no advantage from the enlightened mind of the great potter.

The local newspapers inform us that there are two ways in which this object is to be achieved; both are desirable, and both are in harmony the one with the other. In the potteries of Staffordshire, and in the immediate vicinity of Wedgwood's labours, there is, it seems, to be an INSTITUTE, in which the young are to be taught and the old to be comforted: what precise form it will assume we cannot yet say, but there can be no doubt of this being done. The other is to erect a STATUE of "the man," somewhere in the locality—we hope in immediate proximity to the Institute.

We trust that no conflicting elements will find their way into this scheme—that the absorbing—the only—consideration, will be how best the memory of Wedgwood may be honoured. The purpose is holy; it is the payment of a just debt: and those who throw, or suffer to be thrown, impediments in the way, must be held responsible for the consequences that may postpone the discharge of a sacred duty. We write so much because there are rumours of divisions and dissensions, where all should be harmony and good-will for the accomplishment of a high purpose.

If both objects cannot be attained, THE INSTITUTE is surely the best and the most appropriate, especially if it be, as we understand it is to be, associated with a school of Art, a museum, and a free library. Such would surely be the desire of the man who is to be honoured—such is the highest compliment his memory can receive from his successors in "the Staffordshire potteries."

But if there be a statue, as we hope there may be, also, we trust it will be the fruit of honesty, "fair play," and patriotism; that no injustice will be perpetrated at the outset, such as may be a heavy blow and great discouragement to Art, and an effectual impediment to the progress of subscriptions. This warning is not without a meaning: one of the most active of the many gentlemen who take this case in hand, writes concerning "a beautiful and life-like statuette," by an artist named "Fontana," which it appears he has seen, and than which he considers "nothing could be more appropriate," "the dress, the likeness, and the figure" being, as he opines, "the most accurate embodiment of the living Wedgwood we shall ever see!"

This is anticipating with a vengeance! Certainly, if there be no other competitor, we shall never see a better, any more than we shall see the "Spanish fleet," because it is "not yet in sight!" But how a stranger—we suppose an Italian—be he good artist or be he bad, can comprehend what Wedgwood was, and how he ought to be represented—in "dress, likeness, and figure"—we are at a loss to conceive. And if it be a settled matter that this statuette is to grow into that statue, we hope few persons will be so unwise as to contribute funds to perpetuate what, if not an absurdity, will be an injustice, discreditable to those who would honour Wedgwood's memory—a thorough English manufacturer—degrading to British sculptors, and dangerously prejudicial to British Art.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XLIV.—JOHN LINNELL.



ANOTHER name, long and honourably known in our school of landscape painters, must be added to those we have already placed on the list of this series; it is that of John Linnell, who was born in London in 1792. He commenced the study of drawing under that eccentric man, but clever artist, the late John Varley, one of the early founders of the English school of water-colour painters, with whom he had, as a fellow-pupil, William Hunt. Linnell began to exhibit the fruits of his Art-studies at a very early age, for when he was scarcely fifteen years old,

he sent to the Royal Academy two small landscapes, and in the following year, 1808, to the British Institution, another small picture, called "Fishermen—a Scene from Nature;" to both of these galleries he has been a constant contributor, with scarcely an interval from that period; the Academy, as may be presumed, receiving the larger proportion of his works.

We have classed Mr. Linnell among the landscape painters, because he is now chiefly known by his pictures of this class; but for more than one half of his career—and, of course, the earlier half—he was in much request as a portrait painter. Many of our readers may not be aware that portraits are excluded, by the rules of the British Institution, from the

exhibitions of that society; most of the landscapes, therefore, painted by this artist, were sent there, and his portraits to the Academy. On glancing through the catalogues of the latter, which extend from the year 1824 to 1838, we find a long list of portraits from his pencil, and among them those of many distinguished individuals. The landscapes exhibited during this period were, "Evening—the vicinity of a Farm," in 1827; "A Sandy Road," in 1829; "The Farmer's Boy," in 1830; "A Fish-Market," in 1834; "Christ appearing to the two Disciples journeying to Emmaus," a large and fine landscape subject, in which the figures occupy only a subordinate place, in 1835; "The Hollow Tree," in 1836; "Southampton by Moonlight," and a "Scene in Windsor Forest," in 1837.

In 1839 he exhibited at the British Institution "St. John Preaching," a work that attracted marked attention by its originality of conception and vigour of execution: in this, as in all other compositions of a similar class from his hand, the figures hold quite a secondary place, though the title would lead to a different conclusion; here, for example, the dreary wilderness, the arena of the forerunner of Christ, is effectually brought before the mind of the observer; while the first baptismal font, a pool "in Bethabara beyond Jordan," enhances the interest of the pictorial story. Six portraits were contributed to the Royal Academy that year. "Gipsies," in the British Institution in 1840, is a landscape of a very high order of merit, most effective in its rich tone; in the Academy the same year he exhibited four portraits, those of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Shelburne, the Countess of Mount Edgumbe, and Major Farrant, and with them "Philip baptizing the Eunuch," a fine landscape composition treated with a true feeling for the picturesque, and touched with masculine vigour. Another subject of this class, "The Flight into Egypt," was sent to the Institution in the following year; a landscape containing a mass of rich material, but with almost an entire negation of the green tints which are frequently apparent even in Eastern scenery. The "Cottage Door," a most pleasing representation of English domestic life in its rural aspect, was exhibited in the same gallery in 1842: it is touching in character, and painted with



Engraved by]

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

[Butterworth and Heath.

infinite skill; but the subject seems ill-suited to the size of the canvas; the picture appears as if it were the fragment of a larger one. The whole of his contributions this year to the Academy were portraits, three of them being of the Baring family; and, with one exception, the same may be said of his pictures of the year following, the exception being a genuine figure subject, "The Supper at Emmaus," a work which was the result of deep feeling, but which, in the arrangement of light and shade, showed some treatment scarcely to be justified by any recognised rules. In 1844, the whole of this painter's exhibited works were portraits, the principal one being that of Thomas Carlyle, a very striking picture, for the artist seems to have imbued it with that kind of dreamy, yet deep-toned, character which belongs to this original, powerful, but oftentimes mystical writer; it, in fact, partakes more of sentimental composition

than of portraiture. Again, in 1845, we find him still exhibiting portraits only: those of Lady Beauchamp, the Earl of Ilchester, Lord Methuen, &c.

In 1846 Linnell exhibited at the British Institution the charming little picture entitled "A Spring Wood Scene;" it was purchased by the late Mr. Vernon, and is now in that portion of the National Collection which bears the name of the donor. An engraving from it appeared in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1851. His contributions to the Academy, in 1846, were three portraits. At the British Institution in the following year was another beautiful small picture, called "The Dell,"—not quite an appropriate title, for the scene presented is little else than a narrow sluggish stream, shadowed over with a mass of trees. The effect is sombre; but an examination of the work displays extraordinary richness and depth of foliage opposed to the careering white cloud

rising in the sky. Two out of three of his contributions to the Academy were landscapes also—"The Windmill," a small canvas, now in the Vernon Collection, and engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1850; and "Mid-day," illustrating a line from Thomson's "Seasons:"—

"While Nature lies around deep lull'd in noon."

The scenery of the latter work consists principally of a meadow: in the foreground is a wide-spreading oak, beneath which a flock of sheep, together with their shepherd, have sought shelter from the noontide heat; beyond this the eye is carried into distance over an extensive and diversified range of country. The sentiment aimed at, and successfully carried out, is that of entire repose: the treatment of the subject differs greatly from the artist's usual manner,—he delights in tempestuous aspects and skies of thunder-clouds. Perhaps the earliest of his larger pictures of this description is, "The Last Gleam before the Storm," exhibited at the British Institution in 1848. In noticing this work at that time it elicited from us the following remarks:—"With respect to the selection of subject-matter usually made by this artist, we venture to suggest that, were he to vocalise his canvas with something more ambitious as a ground-work, he would rank among the greatest poetical painters who have ever lived. He invests his uninspiring Georgics with an aspect of sublimity well fitted for the loftiest theme of the epic muse. The picture appears to be a composition in which every care is taken to give effect to the voluminous white clouds

arrayed in the lower sky; in contrast to which the coming storm drops its black curtain first over the foreground." As a whole it is a work of rare merit, elaborated with the most careful thought. Fine as this picture is, and greatly as it was admired when exhibited, it will not bear comparison with that seen at the Academy in the same year: "The Eve of the Deluge"—the only work he sent—quite took the public by surprise, from the sublimity and daring with which the painter has invested his subject, drawn especially from the concluding passage of Milton's description of the entrance of the animals into the ark:—

"Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven."

The artist has availed himself of the expression, "together drove," to work out one of the grandest effects of sky that has ever been seen in painting. The sky closes from an apex at the top of the composition, the opening gradually widening to the horizon, whence again upon the landscape the light seems to diminish to a point. The ark appears high on a rocky point on the right, to which the animals, in a lengthened train, are making their ascent; and above are crowds of scared wild fowl and birds of prey directing their course to the ark. The breadth of the composition is a landscape of grandeur corresponding with the sky, the lines in all its parts forming a beautifully harmonious system. In the immediate foreground is the strongest point of



Engraved by]

SUNSHINE.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

light, and here are seen Noah, his sons, and their wives. In colour, composition, and sublime poetry, the picture is truly worthy of the verse of Milton.

"The Flight into Egypt,"—a repetition, with some slight alterations, of the picture exhibited in 1841,—and "A Summer's Evening," were contributed to the British Institution in 1849, and to the Academy were sent "Sand-pits," and "The Return of Ulysses." The "Sand-pits" ranks among Art-critics as one of the purest examples of English landscape our school has produced; the materials are of the most simple pictorial character, but they are brought forward with such exquisite feeling for the truth of nature, with so much delicacy of conception, and with such mastery of pencilling, as to become irresistibly attractive. The spectator looks upon a descending road, on whose right are the pits and a mass of broken ground: beyond this the eye is met by a middle region, whence the eye travels on to a distance beautifully touched, and brought up with great sweetness to the sky at the horizon: it is a brilliant picture, one that will stand the test of the most fastidious connoisseur who knows what good Art is. "The Return of Ulysses" is a large work: the scene shows a small bay, having an outlet in the distance to the open sea; a single galley, its sails still unfurled, floats near the shore. Ulysses—who, according to the poet's version of the narrative, is soundly asleep—is being carried from the vessel by his attendants. The aim of the artist has evi-

dently been to present a powerful effect of sunlight, in which he has abundantly succeeded.

"Opening the Gate," and "Purchasing the Flock," were hung in the British Institution in 1850: the titles of the pictures sufficiently declare the respective subjects; the latter of the two works pleased us best. In the same year Linnell exhibited at the Academy "CROSSING THE BROOK," one of the illustrations which accompany this notice; the picture is gorgeous in colour and brilliant with light, which, with the various shades, is admirably dispersed: it is a noble landscape. "Christ and the Women of Samaria" was seen at the same exhibition: like most works of a similar kind by this painter, it shows a scriptural narrative "grounded" on an English landscape, for there is no attempt at delineating the scenery of the East: the ideality of the composition is limited to the figures, which is by far the least agreeable and interesting passage in it; but it is altogether a grand work, glorious in colour and masterly in its breadth of light and shade. A little gem is "The Farm—Evening," exhibited at the British Institution in 1851; its effulgent tranquillity is the very poetry of painting; evening sunlight was never more gloriously represented on canvas. "Woodlands" and "Morning" were in the Academy.

Another of the finest landscapes by Linnell was seen at the British Institu-

tion in 1852,—“A Boar Hunt in England in the Olden Time:” a wild country, broken by woodland, is here represented with great power; in the foreground lies the animal slain by the hunters, who repose in groups around the carcase. The sky is, as usual, magnificently painted, disputing priority of attention with the rest of the composition. To the Academy exhibition of that year he contributed three paintings,—“The Sere Leaf,” a passage of broken woodside scenery, with a mass of underwood and a few trees, seen under the effect of a dull autumn day; “Barley Harvest—Evening,” a rich sunset scene; a man and a cart loaded with the ripe grain stand out in strong relief against the red horizon; and “The Timber Waggon.” “The Weald of Kent,” in the British Institution in 1853, is a notable example of what an artist of genius can accomplish out of the most ordinary material: there is nothing here but a range of yellow sandy bank, succeeded by a flat airy distance; the whole is, however, so truthful and sunny, that it cannot fail to excite admiration, canopied, as it is, by a sky of clouds rolling along in magnificent array. Three landscapes were contributed to the Academy in that year,—“The Village Spring,” a rough roadway scene, with here and there a shallow pool of water, enclosed by a screen of trees, all firmly and vigorously

painted; “A Forest Road,” nearly similar in character; and “Under the Hawthorn,” a beautiful picture, but hung in a part of the gallery where, from its position, its merits must have been overlooked by a majority of the visitors. The last time Mr. Linnell exhibited at the British Institution was in 1854, when he sent “Harvest Home,” the leading feature of which is a glorious sky; and “The Refuge,” which shows an impending storm, represented with the powerful effect of which this artist is master. To the Royal Academy he contributed only a single picture in that year,—“The Disobedient Prophet,” but it was one of the pictures of the season: it is a large work, and its component parts are few and massive, the principal being a high bank crowned with a group of pine trees, at the foot of which a broken road runs through the composition; here are seen the dead prophet, the lion, and the ass, as described in the sacred narrative: it is a painting of extraordinary power, both in colour and treatment.

In 1855 Mr. Linnell exhibited also only one picture: he called it “A Country Road,” and it is literally nothing more than a representation of one of those passages of rural scenery of which scores are to be found within twenty or thirty miles of the metropolis, on the southern side of the Thames:



Engraved by

CROSSING THE BROOK.

[J. Cooper.]

the subject is composed and treated in the usual manner of the artist—a piece of broken foreground, nearly closed in by trees, the distance almost melting into thin air. In the following year, too, he had but one picture in the exhibition, “A Harvest Sunset;” in 1857 he sent nothing; and last year again only one, “Shepherds,” the latter especially sustaining the high reputation of this veteran painter.

Mr. Linnell's manner, or style, as it is generally called, is truly original: in his earlier landscapes it seems evident he took Gainsborough as his model; his later are entirely his own—he has imitated no other painter, either ancient or modern. The few comments our space has permitted us to make on his exhibited pictures will suffice to show the leading characteristics of his subjects and treatment; light appears to be the quality he most seeks for, and on his skies he exhausts all the powers of his invention, the fruits of his studies, and the resources of his art; not that he is insensible to, or careless of, the other component parts of his subjects, but he seems to work at the sky and the clouds with a loving heart and an obedient hand. His general manipulation is sometimes indefinite and rather confused, giving to the picture what artists call *woolliness*. Mr. Ruskin says—“The finest studies of J. Linnell are peculiarly elaborate, and in many points most skilful; they fail perhaps of interest, owing

to over fulness of detail, and a want of generalization in the effect.” His portraits are distinguished by broad and masterly execution, combined with delicacy and force of colour,—in truth, he is a great colourist, both as to tone and transparency.

Mr. Linnell is *not* a member of the Academy, to whose annual exhibitions he has been for so many years one of the most valuable contributors; whether or no he has ever proposed himself for academical honours by entering his name as a candidate we are not quite sure; he may be indifferent, for aught we know, to having those magical initials, R.A., after his name; but most undoubtedly one of the most successful portrait-painters, and one of the greatest landscape-painters of the English school, should be in the ranks of our national Art-academy. The opinion entertained of him by the amateur and collector is sufficiently tested by the large sums given for his pictures—800 or 1000 guineas being no uncommon price: we know of no landscape-painter in the Academy who is paid such sums.

About seven years ago Linnell left London, and took up his residence near Reigate, in Surrey; the scenery in this locality has supplied him with materials for many of his latest subjects. He has two sons, artists, who are following very closely in the wake of their honoured father.

TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 14.—J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

POET and painter were combined in the mental organization of Joseph Mallord William Turner; his works can never be fully appreciated until they are taught to be considered not merely as pictures (however high the class to which they are assigned), but as poems; for that they undoubtedly are, and as much lifted above the ordinary world as the thought and action of a fine poem must ever be. England has reason to be proud of her landscape painters; they have outlasted all rivalry, and have won a tardy acknowledgment of superiority from the general world: but among the worthiest we shall look in vain for a power like Turner's, capable of elevating into the ideal the most commonplace subjects, and turning, by the alchemy of his genius, "the basest lead to solid gold."

It is pleasant to form an ideal picture of the man studios of beauty, devoting a life to the most exquisite delineation of nature in its most beautiful moods. He lived, by choice, so much alone that few knew him, and it had been well if the reserve he coveted had been never broken by biographic notes, as it is impossible to conceive a more anti-poetical person than Turner himself. All reminiscences of him are decidedly unpleasant, in person and in manners, and worse than all in habit; his parsimony was excessive. Altogether, it is best to know him only by his works, and keep an ideal Turner for the mind to dwell upon. Many anecdotes of his "ruling passion" float about in artistic circles, it is almost to be hoped no one will collect them for the press, though some have been so gathered; they only serve to lower the man, and are but records of the evil which, more or less, weighs down human nature. Let the "earthly part" of Turner rest in his parent earth, and let us only know his sublime mind—in the bequest he has made to the nation. Here, at least, he has behaved nobly; the sun broke through the clouds in setting!

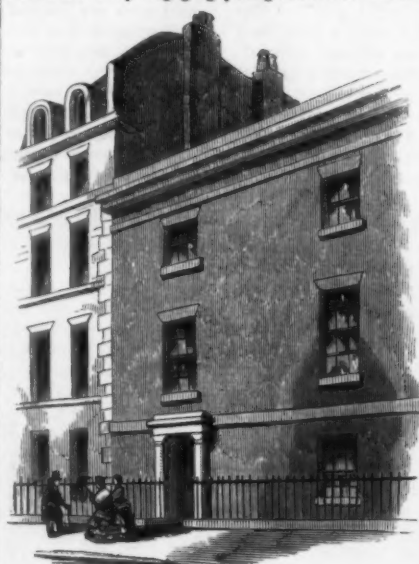
Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, was the home of a small barber in the latter half of the last century. It is a narrow crowded way, through which carriages cannot pass; at that period this neighbourhood was a dense labyrinth of courts and alleys from St. Martin's Lane to Covent Garden. Here was an abundant population; all the stories, or even



BIRTH-PLACE OF TURNER.

rooms, of the houses held separate families; it was, therefore, a fitting locality for a busy hair-dresser. His name was Turner, and his parti-coloured pole hung beside the archway leading into Hand Court; the house is a small one, with only one window in front; it is now added as a storehouse to adjoining premises, but is unaltered in its general features. Here the painter was born, in the year 1775, and christened in the adjoining church of St. Paul's Covent Garden, on the 14th of March. His early days were spent in this squalid district, the flowers he saw were among the rickety sheds of

Covent Garden market; and the neglected grass-grown enclosure, which then occupied the centre of St. James's Park, was his nearest glimpse of country life. But his early aspirations towards Art were proudly talked of by his parent,—whose profession naturally led to the communicative,—and got to the ears of Dr. Munro, an Art-amateur, who had gathered a large collection of drawings, and added to his stores by engaging young artists to work in



TURNER'S RESIDENCE.

his house of an evening at the rate of a shilling an hour. The Doctor was useful in his time to many; the cash, though little, was valuable, as the "overtime" earnings of poor lads, and he liberally lent his drawings by great masters, for their use by day. Girtin, Varley, Edridge, and others began with the Doctor, and looked back in after life, not unpleasantly, to the evenings spent in working, chatting, and learning with him. At this time water-colour drawing was restricted to a half-mechanical style of washing in positive shadows by a series of middle-tints, which brought out the body of the design; it was heightened by simple washes of warmer colour, or strengthened by brown shadows. The early drawings of Turner, like those of Dayes, Hearne, and Rooker, are all formed on this model. Turner resided with his father, in Maiden Lane, until the year 1800, when he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy; two years after this he was "an R.A." He had entered as a student there in 1789, his first oil-picture was hung in the exhibition in 1793. When he left Maiden Lane for the north of London (the artistic quarter), his father went with him, and the old man who answered the door, and took a sixpence from a visitor, is said to have been the same person. Neither father nor son ever lost a chance of securing or saving the smallest trifle. The painter has been known to take to a private purchaser a picture for which a thousand pounds has been paid, and then ask for the fare of the hackney-coach in addition.

Turner never allowed a visitor or a brother artist to see him at work, or to enter his painting-room. Slowly he emerged from his early style, and the works he executed at the beginning of the present century are among his best; they combine fancy with fact; ultimately he let his poetry so far predominate that "fact" could scarcely be recognised in his works; he lived to caricature his own greatness. The want of discrimination in the mass of the world, and the large reputation the painter had earned, gave a fictitious value to all his works. His cold formal early drawings now sell for high prices, while better works of the same calibre and era in Art are comparatively valueless; his later gorgeous dreams of colour, ill-defined, and hardly to be comprehended, are also bought at high prices. Neither deserve to be placed beside such earnest and truthful poems as his "Carthage," in the National Gallery, or his "Ulysses" in the "Turner Collection."

Turner's last residence was No. 47, Queen Anne

Street, Cavendish Square. It is a gloomy house, with dull blank walls, and few windows; it was known by its state of dirty neglect for many years. Here were stowed away the great mass of pictures, sketches, and prints from his works, which Turner amassed carefully, but did not "preserve," for many were found injured by dust and damp, the result of the neglect of cleanliness and comfort which had no charms for him. A curious instance of the value he attached to the merest trifle from his own hand, and the dislike he had to any person trading by chance with it, was related by an eminent printseller, into whose shop he once walked, to purchase, if possible, an engraving made many years before from one of his pictures. His description of the subject he aided by a few rude lines, scrawled with a pen on a loose piece of paper, which flew behind the counter in turning over the portfolios to look for the print. The painter ultimately got his print, and, missing the scrap of paper, eagerly demanded it of the unconscious printseller, whose confusion redoubled Turner's anxiety, which was only appeased when the scrap of paper was recovered from a dark corner, and carefully wrapped with the engraving. In justice, however, to Turner, it must be admitted, from the facts which have been revealed to the public since his death, that he had a motive—and a worthy one too—in exercising this apparently avaricious and grasping disposition: he knew well that everything from his pencil, however insignificant in character, would realize money when he was gone; and he sought to accumulate it in every way for beneficent purposes.

The illness which led to Turner's death required him to take a change of air; but he dreaded expense, though now a rich man, and he found by chance a small lodging to let in a little house fronting the Thames, near Cremorne Gardens, Chelsea. Retaining his dislike of visitors, he never gave his name to the mistress of the house, nor did she know it until after his death, which happened here on the 19th of December, 1851. On a bright winter's day, a very short time before, the painter was carried to the first floor window to see the sun set with a calm glow over the Thames. On the 30th of the same month he was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he highly esteemed,



HOUSE IN WHICH TURNER DIED.

and by whom he desired to find a last resting-place. The funeral was attended by the President of the Royal Academy, very many of its members and associates, and a large number of others, anxious to do honour to the memory of one, who did as much as ever artist did, to elevate the British school honourably among the nations. To no painter was there ever given so large a power of appreciating and portraying the beautiful in nature; and there is no name in Art more widely and universally known and revered.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF
GREAT ARTISTS.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 1.—THORWALDSEN.

UPON *Monte Pincio*, one of the seven hills of the eternal city of Rome, and in the *Via Silvia* or *Sistina*—I forget which—there lived that fine old fellow and noble artist-sculptor, the Dane, Thorwaldsen (date, from '37 to '41). On the right, as you made your way towards the *Quattro Fontani*, you observed the almost blank wall of a very unpretending house, which had no proper entrance, and which looked like one of those dwellings, certainly to be found in many parts of Italy, in which the builder had forgotten the staircase, and was obliged to supply one by an after-thought. There was a single stone step laid down, as it were, at the bottom of the wall, and projecting into the street; and surmounting this was a kind of plain back-door, which usually stood open, and looked as if it were intended as a guide to strangers that paid their respects on a Sunday morning, as the practice then was, to the dwelling of the great sculptor, to see his private collection of modern pictures and himself. Upon this flight of steep and narrow steps presenting itself, you crept up, at the peril of falling back into the street; and having reached the upper step (no landing-place), made your presence known by knocking at a door with your stick or your knuckles, or in the best way you could. After a little delay, the door was opened, and a large man stood before it. To him you gave your card or your name, and a large warm hand was immediately held out to you, and a low, soft, and musical voice invited you to enter. It is impossible for you to be mistaken—it is the great sculptor himself. The room is filled with well-dressed people, speaking all languages. You are accompanied for a minute or two by the master of the place, and perhaps asked how long you have been at Rome, how long you intend to stay, and also told that this is his private collection, and that the studio of his own work is in the *Piazza Barberini*; he then tells you to look about you, and joins his company. Your reception is warm and cordial in the highest degree, and you are a very extraordinary mortal if it does not make a lasting impression, or if for the next half hour you can see anything but the great sculptor himself. He mixes, and talks, and laughs, in the admiring crowd with the natural ease and simplicity of a schoolboy. The deep tone of his voice sustains, like the diapason of an organ, the harmony of all the tongues in motion, swelling and falling as he approaches or recedes from you. I have really sometimes felt a musical delight in the cadences thus sustained, especially when mixed with the sweet voices of certain English females, making up the choir, and which contrast strongly with those of the natives. But now he comes this way. What a splendidly developed head, with its mass of grey, or rather white, hair, which, like the mane of a lion, first lifts itself, and then falls in loose and shaggy negligence! That large area of face, fresh and healthy, with its light blue and bright eyes beaming with intelligence and good nature; and how well supported is this rich capital by the ample column upon which it rests! What a happy combination! How necessary—how well fitted to each other as a composition! What breadth, what firmness, what consistency! Such a form and character seems fit to deal with the pyramids and with the gigantic Memnons of the desert and the plains of endless extent. What a singular mixture of dignity and good

nature! But there is a knock at the door. A visitor presents himself: it is an old friend, and a countryman. The greeting is truly beautiful and hearty in the extreme. Both hands are held out to the stranger, and a long low "Ay-ay-ay!" is met with a burst of language strange to the ordinary ear. 'Tis not alone delightful to be the friend of the sculptor, but of such a man as Thorwaldsen.

It would be folly to attempt to describe the pictures—it is difficult to see them, or anything but their owner, in the loose gray working-coat he wears, buttoned up to the throat and coming down low over, neither trousers nor pantaloons, but a pair of long cotton drawers, socks, and slippers. This is his weekly levee—his home suit—his working-costume, and yet around him here are some of the first people of many countries. In the small room next to his bed-room there is a portrait of him by Horace Vernet worthy of the fame of both great artists; and there is also a large slab of slate, upon which is the chalked outline of a figure in bas-relief, and on an old chair a lump of modelling clay, with sticks, &c. But we are now in the bedroom—large, airy, and untidy, of course. Shoes and clothes are scattered about, and on a chair by the bedside lies a blue or a black coat, under the lapel of which glitters a bright star, with the ribbon of some order. It is not left here for effect. We come into the room to see many pretty pictures which the better apartments will not contain,—and this is left in our way, like other things. Everywhere the good taste which selects, and friendly feeling which makes the great sculptor the possessor of so many clever works of Art, are apparent. Here are many of the best, and as many of the earlier and inferior productions of the artists living with and around him got together. To the knowing in such matters they suggest the cheering and probable fact that there is an enjoyment connected with them utterly unknown to the common collector, whose vulgar gratification is gain, or the consoling fact of knowing that he has hung up as many guineas upon his walls as he has taken out of his pocket. I have good reasons to know that the great sculptor prided himself in helping many a deserving brother in Art as much as in the possession of a valuable picture. But there is an odour of soup, and the visitors are going.

At one of those splendid *soirées* given during the winters at Rome by the Duc di Torlonia, and at which all the *élite* and ordinary of all nations are found, I had first the delight of meeting Thorwaldsen. Gibson, the sculptor, with his usual *bonhomie*, was so kind as to introduce me, and, as I was then green in Italian, to translate between us. From the truly great and amiable reception is certain, and of course I met with one. To the question of how long I thought of staying at Rome my reply was received with a hearty laugh from the great sculptor. The idea of "a year or two" appeared greatly to amuse him, and with much glee he remarked, "I said the same fifty years ago," and then, turning to Gibson, "here is another of the run-aways." Some of the works of Thorwaldsen which I first saw in St. Peter's rather disappointed me. There is too much of the conventional in them, and when an attempt is made to get out of that, too little selection is made in common nature. In the monument of one of the popes, by Thorwaldsen, the allegorical figures of Faith, Religion, &c., are little else than direct portraits of the ordinary Roman woman, with her peculiar squat form, and short stout column of neck. It will not be impertinent to observe that in no place in the world has Art availed itself less of the ideal so abundantly furnished by Greek and classic forms than in Rome. Look into any of the works of the last forty years, or of

modern Art in Rome, and you will not be able to detect a single example, or the slightest proof that Art has not begun where you find it, or that any antique or mediæval Art has preceded it. A class of artists unknown in this country—mere copyists—exists at Rome, yet the fine examples of the Vatican, the Doria, the Farnese, &c., have no imitators. Conventionalism embraces the lifeless, the vapid, and the commonplace; and imitation extends only to the vulgar of every-day life. So strongly tinged with this are the artists of Rome, that all who notice or can understand such things must remember that the excellent president of the Royal Academy, upon his return to England, gave to all his females this Roman-woman form and character, evidently without perceiving the peculiarity he conferred.

It may readily be imagined I lost but little time in visiting the studio in the *Piazza Barberini*, where the bas-reliefs and the recent great works of Thorwaldsen—"Christ and his Apostles," and "St. John Preaching," &c., were to be seen. At one o'clock all the workmen of the studios were absent at the *trattorias*—one of Gibson's has often amused me and others at the *Lepri*, when he came for his dinner, by taking off his coat, sitting down with his hat on, and by using a fan which he carried in his pocket to cool himself. This was the agreeable hour for going to enjoy the works of the great sculptor. I had frequently been, and had the pleasure of exchanging a few words with him. He was always free to communicate, and language was for a time my only difficulty. This wore away, and my admiration increased—light broke in upon me in the study I was pursuing as to the *genus loco*. Fault-finding and laudation are the common resorts of vulgar criticism, while refinement in taste not only takes broader views of results, but loves to trace the course which the mind of the operator has pursued, to mark the obstructions at which it has hesitated, lingered, or been subdued, or diverted, or where it gained new strength, light, and advancement. It is true that this can only be done on a large and long-continued series of efforts, and of works; but here they were, and the study became the more profound and interesting.

Some years had now passed; I was about to leave Rome, much to my sorrow and lasting regret, and the noble old fellow, whom I now spoke to freely, and regarded with sincere affection, I think, was then on the point of leaving for Copenhagen, to receive the honours lavished, not upon him, but reflected back upon his country and his countrymen. I think it must have been almost the last time I saw him. I had crept quietly into his studio, during the glorious heat of *mezzo giorno*, and was seated on a seat I had placed in a convenient light for examining the last and greatest effort of the genius of Thorwaldsen—his "St. John Preaching." It consists of a rank of perhaps twenty figures, larger than life, and given that kind of arrangement that fits them for the space offered by the tympanum of a pediment. This large studio, filled with casts and unfinished works, was divided into several compartments, by means of cloths or canvases suspended and stretched from wall to wall. The stillness of the place was perfectly undisturbed, and I sat quietly musing after a long examination, and deeply buried in my own thoughts and reflections. The bas-reliefs had wearied me, the monotony of surface, and the eternal legs, heads, and tails of the horses, and the men holding bridles, making a display of casqued heads, shoulders, bodies, and arms, all well drawn and executed, but of these I had enough. Both subject and style were properly stilted; the right cut of face, the right display of muscle, with swords and spears to match, true fighting-men, no doubt, and bent upon doing great things in

some way or other, but not knowing what they looked, with very unmeaning faces: one glimmer of intelligence, one spark of character, would have been worth a whole army of such perfect and correct automata; and I felt how happy the world was in its diversified ugliness, and how insipid it would be were its beauty as perfect and unobjectionable as sculptured marble makes it. Here was a bust of the fine head of Byron—I could not look at it, it was so like other fine heads. A statue of that marvellous man, Napoleon I., whose personal character, cast in the glass of an Eau de Cologne bottle, or in the worn-out mould of a wandering *formatore*, and mounted upon a board with any of the monstrosities in the world of forms, you can never mistake; yet here it was missed altogether, a fine work of Art, no doubt, but of Art producing nothing but itself. All these and many more had been seized, passed, and were sinking into utter obscurity before the glories of the "St. John Preaching." I was asking myself how a mind, which had received such just, true, and perfect impression, could also fail in tasks of apparently far less difficulty. Delusion I knew to be the grand source of human error, and neither incompetency nor obstinacy; but with the truth staring you in the face, and vociferating in your ear, challenging your attention, and insisting upon being attended to, how was this possible? In what way could the votary of truth be so beguiled? Inexplicable! A light touch upon the shoulder made me start; and at the same moment the low and pleasant musical laugh of the sculptor was heard. "So," he said, "I have found you again listening to the Preacher. *Ebbene*? What does he say to-day?" "More," I replied, "than ever; he has something to say every time I see him." The great man smiled. "But have you been round?" he said. "Many times," I replied;—"but I always come back again to my old place, and feel no disposition now to go to any other. Should I come a hundred times, the Preacher would be the first and last object of my admiration. Believe me, I am deeply touched, delighted, and instructed."—"I am glad," he said, with rather a subdued change of manner. "I too have learnt something in the prosecution of that work." I looked inquiringly at him. With rather more of earnestness, he continued—"If I am right here, I have been wrong everywhere else; indeed, I am sure we are all wrong. The universal is often no more than the prevailing commonplace; the ideal no more than the idolatrous or the conventional for the time being. I came to Rome to study Bernini. Canova, Gibson, and many others did the same; and, whatever others may have done, I feel, if my present knowledge had come earlier, I might have spared half the labour of my life." I ventured to remark that the efforts of few lives had led to such grand results. I also observed that Gibson had told me he meant to found himself upon Bernini, but was lucky enough to discover his mistake, and that it appeared to me Canova must have done the same, as his fame certainly rested upon his total rejection of all Bernini had conceived and done. "That is true," he remarked; "but many, under this delusion, have plunged themselves into inextricable darkness." Still he said he regarded the ideal as the "grand *ingannatore*" (the great cheat) of Art. That misled by the ideal, he himself had left nature to follow at any distance behind, and thought he was advancing because he went before her. "I am now sure," he continued, "that an artist must walk with nature as his companion; and where the ideal professes to be his guide, he must take care she does not lead him astray." After a slight pause he asked,—"In what work would you say there is the largest quantity of the purely natural?"—"Certainly,"

I replied, "in this of St. John preaching." "No," he replied, "you mistake me; I do not refer to my own works, but to one of the highest of antiquity." I observed I should fear to venture an opinion. "I will tell you," he said; "there is more true nature in the Apollo Belvidere than in any other single work of ancient or modern Art."—"I am delighted," I said, "to have your opinion, but I fear my knowledge of the subject does not extend far enough honestly to accord in your judgment." "There is a general error in estimating the excellence of this statue, as well as others which are said to be formed on the ideal of Art: it is not the ideal, properly speaking, nor the universal and the general, which constitute excellence; had it been made up merely of selections and parts from what is properly regarded as the general and the universal, it would have been insipid, and even commonplace, and not what it is, the most beautiful statue of the world: it is in the selection of the peculiar, and not of the general, that its matchless and perfect character is made up *capisce*."—"Really," I replied, "this is a beautiful and nice distinction, and I feel the full force of what you have said. It is clearly in the perfection of its character that its superiority exists. But I remember," I said, "Cicero somewhere remarks, that what we call *form* the Greeks call *character*."—"That is true," he replied, "except that character is the soul of form."—"Then," I continued to observe, "all the beauty in the world combined in one specimen could not confer character."—"Certainly not," he said, "unless that beauty could be made transcendental as to create the novelty or peculiarity which is the essence of character."—"I shall think long and deeply over this conversation."—"There is much," he said, "for the genuine artist to reflect upon, and of a kind, too, which can only be supplied by the genius of Art itself; but the knowledge wanted often arrives too late to be put into practice." "As regards the Apollo," I ventured to remark, "that marvellous statue is, to my conception, but an abstraction of the thing it represents." "That is true," he said; "it is the essence of the thing it represents, and is a proof that it is not mere *form* which makes it what it is—there is a something which clearly goes beyond, and is superior to it. Form is the resort of the feeble in Art, is easily obtained, and often mechanically."—"But," I again observed, "an abstraction is but an apotheosis to the thing rather than a representation of it; this makes sculpture a more perfectly imitative art than painting."—"And it is so," he answered, smiling. My look of surprise spoke for me, and he continued,—"You regard painting as a superior and more perfect art than that by which imitations are rendered, as in wax-work figures?"—"Certainly," I said. "But the imitation is far less complete in your art than in that of Redi;* but the imitation here is the imitation of the inferior in the thing represented; now it is in the imitation of the high and the highest upon which the excellence of the other arts is founded."—"I perceive clearly what you mean."—"No doubt the embodiment of action is superior to that of form, and the embodiment of form is most perfect when it comprises character." After a pause I asked, "Does it not speak highly for the *popolaccio* of Athens, the mobs of the Agora, for their taste or natural acumen, that they could be presented with, and made to enjoy and appreciate, such an *abstraction* as the Apollo—a bowman without his bow and arrows, and representing nothing but the action of dis-

* The anatomical imitations of Redi are some of the most exquisite works of the kind known to the world; the principal are in a museum at Florence. For truth and identity in appearance there is perhaps nothing to compete with them; the most slavish Pre-Raphaelite niggles sink into insignificance by comparison.

charging an arrow?"—"Da vero, da vero," he rejoined quickly, "that question has rarely been replied to, because," he continued, smiling, "it has rarely indeed been asked." Our gossip ended suddenly, and, I am sorry to say, never was renewed.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE thirty-third exhibition of this academy was opened in the beginning of February, and, as usual, it contains a considerable number of pictures highly creditable to the artists of Scotland. These cannot with propriety be gone over at great length, nor looked at critically in their details, but the more salient points of this northern exhibition form part of those standards by which national progress in Art is to be tested; and confining our remarks to this aspect of the exhibition, our critical duty shall be discharged as briefly as possible, especially as there are no new works of much general importance exhibited. Perhaps an exception ought to be made to this general statement, not so much for what the drawing is, as for what it is not. Ruskin has entered the lists as an exhibitor, and it is interesting to see how the eloquent writer agrees with the more humble exhibitor. We are not of those who would insist that he "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," nor should we think of anything so absurd as confounding the faculty of criticism with the power of painting; but it may reasonably be expected that those who constitute themselves tribunes of Art, who pronounce dogmatically upon artistic principles, and who assume to be not only teachers of the unlearned multitude, but teachers of our most accomplished artists,—it may be reasonably expected, when such put their theories in practice, and venture to come before the public as painters, that the works they produce shall at least be consistent with the opinions they propound. It is not meant that the amateur shall have acquired the technical knowledge, or be able to display the manipulative dexterity of the professional artist,—these, as a general rule, are only to be acquired through long practice, as well as hard study; but if a teacher insisted that grey was the only colour to be used for a given purpose, if he denounced all who did not use the peculiar tone of grey he fancied, and if, when he began to paint, he used red instead of grey, his pupil would not be likely to acquire more implicit faith in his prelections. Mr. Ruskin, by the exhibition of this drawing, puts himself very much in the position of such a teacher. It would be useless to give extracts from his writings to support the statement that in true Art nature and its literal imitation is everything, and the conventional rules of schools less or worse than nothing, because other passages could with equal facility be found teaching almost the opposite opinion; but, taking his opinions upon the merits of naturalism, as these have been understood by the public, and influenced the Pre-Raphaelites, we venture to assert that this sketch is not only contrary to, but inconsistent with those teachings about the literal imitation of nature being the perfection of Art, wherewith Mr. Ruskin has so long been endeavouring to enlighten the world, and especially the British public. The difference between pictorial and ornamental art has long been recognised, and is well understood, although it takes more space to describe than can be afforded in the general notice of an exhibition; but both in form, composition, and colour, that difference is essential and well marked; and what we maintain is this, that Mr. Ruskin's drawing, although professing to be a literal copy of nature, and, therefore, belonging to pictorial art, has nevertheless, either through ignorance, or intention, been produced for effect by those unreal combinations in colour which are only permissible in the style known as ornamental, and which are not permissible at all by one whose mission is the restoration of pictorial art to the unaided literalism of nature. Like many of Mr. Ruskin's sentences, these peach-blossoms are beautiful, but they also are not absolutely true; and, in both, brilliant colour is made to supply the lack of verity or knowledge. The deep ultramarine sky,

the white blossoms touched with lake, a rich brown stem with grey light on the one side, and reflected lights enriched with lake, and leaves touched with emerald green, form, as may easily be supposed, a pretty combination of the most brilliant colours and contrasts; but how a sky of intense blue would produce lake reflected lights, even on a brown stalk of peach-blossom, is upon the literal theory not yet made plain by Mr. Ruskin. In truth, knowingly or unknowingly, he has followed the practice of Watteau, rather than adhered to nature, in the painting of these blossoms. The prince of French ornamentalists laid all his shadows in with a brown lake, and to this is attributable much of that richness and harmony which are the chief features of his style. But for Ruskin to set forth the conventional craft of Watteau as his own unmixed study of nature, was either to draw deeply on public gullibility, or to exhibit his own want of practical knowledge in the most elementary attributes of colour. We have dwelt longer on this pretty, but trifling, sketch than is at all consistent with its real importance; but as a straw indicates the direction of the current, so this sketch, trifling as it is, shows that however conventionalism and the rules of Art are ridiculed when adopted by others, Mr. Ruskin does not despise taking advantage of the most intense conventionalities known, even in ornamental art, when more brilliant effects in paint can be obtained, than can be secured through that steadfast reliance on nature which he has so magnified in books, intended for the guidance and enlightenment of others.

The exhibition embraces many pictures of more or less merit, such as 'The Escape,' by Millais, 'The Thunder-Cloud,' by Cooke, the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' by Hunt, and others, which have in former years been noticed in these columns in connection with one or other of the London exhibitions. It also contains the 'Dr. Guthrie Preaching,' exhibited last year in the Royal Academy by Mr. George Harvey, and 'The Massacre at Cawnpore,' and 'The Bloody Tryst,' exhibited by Mr. Noel Paton. Both the Preaching and the Massacre have been considerably altered—the former in effect, and the other in intention—yet it is unnecessary to say more than that both Harvey's picture and Paton's have been bettered by the change. There has been some disappointment felt and expressed that the fine series of six pictures painted by Harvey for the Royal Association are not exhibited; but these pictures will make an exhibition of themselves. The subject is Burns's celebrated song of "Auld lang syne;" and it is sufficient to say, to secure for them a hearty welcome from Scotchmen, in whatever part of the world they may be located, that the pictures sustain the sentiment of that world-wide song. The Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland ought, with such a series of prints, to add very largely to the subscription list, because no man has shown himself so thoroughly a national painter as Harvey. Noel Paton exhibits several other subjects besides those seen in London last season—drawings, sculptures, and pictures; and while all bear the strong impress of his elegant fancy, it would be mere idle adulation to say that the genius displayed in any is likely to add to his previously affirmed reputation, if 'Barthram's Dirge' (No. 613) be excepted, which shows an advance in colour far beyond what the most sanguine of Mr. Paton's admirers could have anticipated. Could this artist but reproduce the strength and quality of colour obtained in this sketch throughout his larger works, the celebrity he has attained would be but the first-fruits of that which he might speedily achieve. This 'Barthram's Dirge,' by Paton, stands its ground in colour against Holman Hunt's 'Eve of St. Agnes,' which hangs beside it; and, for Paton's pictures hitherto, such a test would have proved more severe than agreeable. Sir John Watson Gordon appears to be reserving his strength for the Royal Academy, because, although his portrait of William Chambers (painted for the Hall and Reading-room at Peebles, which that gentleman has so generously built for his native townsmen) is a good likeness and a creditable picture, there is nothing in it as a specimen of Art to attract more than ordinary attention. The same is at least equally true of Lord Dalhousie, the Duke of Argyll, and the other portraits exhibited this year in Edinburgh by the venerable president. Colvin Smith, however, appears in greater strength than

he has done for many years past, two of his half-lengths displaying a clearness of colour combined with that firm hold of a likeness which this artist never fails to get—a combination of qualities which offer an additional guarantee for the continued success of the Scotch school in portraiture. There is also a very fine full-length portrait of the Mayor of Liverpool, by John Robertson, clearer in the lights and more transparent in the shadows; in a word, less leathery in tone than many of the earlier portraits by this artist, and it displays altogether a considerable advance in professional excellence. Mr. Graham Gilbert has some heads fine in colour; and there is a portrait of David Roberts, R.A., painted some twenty years since, by R. S. Lauder, which is very beautiful; but among the younger artists there is nothing in portraiture to mark either much progress or much promise—a fact all the more remarkable, that in figure painting both are conspicuously visible in the works of several of the coming men. In female portraiture, Francis Grant, R.A., exhibits the most important work in the rooms—a full-length of Mrs. Markham, exquisite for the lady-like feeling thrown over the principal parts of the figure. But there is more than a tendency to the old difficulty often so conspicuous in the works of Lawrence, and in the full-lengths of all the portrait-painters between him and Sir Joshua Reynolds, with the single exception of Raeburn—viz., the difficulty of getting ladies and gentlemen to stand on their feet rather than on their tiptoes. It is quite true that many women, when they aspire to appear elegant, step on their tiptoes, or nearly so, rather than walk on their feet; but it betokens more a lady's-maid than a lady's gentility; and nothing adds more to the dignity of either a lady or gentleman, whether in society or on the canvas, than a firm step, accompanied with easy action. The snowy landscape background of this portrait is also well intended, but bears evidence of that haste from which nearly all the general portraits of our most popular artists suffer more or less, although it is but justice to say that Mr. Grant sins less in this direction than many of the greatest men who have gone before him. In female portraiture, one of the most promising heads exhibited is a portrait of Mary, youngest daughter of Stewart B. Hare, Esq., of Calder Hall, by William Crauford—a head which is not only clearly but cleverly painted, but which also contains the higher qualities of genuine girlhood, combined with true simplicity of style and unaffected expression.

Among the landscapes there is nothing so important as to demand detailed criticism, although there are some creditable, and a great number of very respectable, landscapes by R. S. Lauder, E. T. Crauford, Hill, Houston, Macculloch, Bough, A. Fraser, and others, too numerous even to name. Indeed, Scottish Art—so far as the older artists represent it—is running entirely into landscape, except among those who devote themselves to portraiture. There may be many causes for this change which has come over the spirit of those who were once historical painters, but the two principal are, first, a restiveness under hard work, combined with the necessity of getting a certain amount of money in the easiest way possible, and, second, a mistaken idea, but one painfully prevalent, that landscapes are far more easily painted than figures. Concerning the first reason, the matter must rest between the painters and the purchasers, and if the latter are satisfied, the evil must go on; but the time will come, when public attention will be directed to the gradual disappearance of historical and high Art from our annual exhibitions; and nowhere more than in Scotland is this evil increasing, although even in London its existence begins to excite serious attention among those thoughtfully interested in the worthy development and progress of the British school of painting. But the second cause—namely, the idea that landscape painting is so much easier than figure subjects—is the child of a dim-visionsed delusion. It is quite true that a third or fourth rate landscape is more easily painted than a historical subject taking the same rank; and it may be admitted that mediocrity is more readily reached in landscape than in figure subjects; but the absolute dearth of first-class landscapes shows that, after all, humanity is more easily rendered than the outer world of nature. First-class landscapes are as rare as great historical pictures, so that those who aspire to lasting reputation from

their works need not expect to cozen fame by leaving the more laborious path for any shorter by-way.

Among the figure subjects there are some pictures of great merit, not only for what they are, but for what they promise. As already intimated, the majority of Royal Scottish Academicians do nothing for the Scottish Exhibition in this department, while equal abstinence in others would at least detract nothing from the reputation of the Scottish school. But a few pictures by artists resident in England or elsewhere help to make up the want; and chief among them is John Phillip, A.R.A., who sends his 'Evil Eye,' one of the main attractions, in which is a very clever portrait of himself sketching by a side glance the interior of a Spanish gipsy's tent. This picture is not so black in its shadows as Mr. Phillip's sometimes gets, and is, as a whole, a very good specimen of his style and powers. The greatest—we might say almost the only—effort in historic Art, is Montrose, driven to Execution, by James Drummond, R.S.A. The aim of this picture is high; and even comparative failure on such a work is more creditable than success in a dozen of subjects not worth the painting; but although there is much excellence and a praiseworthy amount of historic truth, every figure being a lesson on costume, yet the principal figure is deficient in dignity, and the subject altogether looks as if beyond the grasp of the artist. 'The Porteous Mob,' by the same painter, exhibited some years since, was within his circle, and therefore it was an excellent, although by no means a perfect picture; but Mr. Drummond will require to rise on more powerful wings before he can be equally successful with that higher range of historical incident of which the Montrose tragedy forms one. There is a large but not very attractive picture by J. Archer, and another—more Pre-Raphaelite, and in this exhibition one of the expiring embers of that fallacy which has gone out like the crackling of thorns under a pot—the second better in reality, although not so much of a picture as the first. There is also a frost scene by Lees, wonderfully like several which have preceded it from the same pencil; and there are some Irish subjects by E. Nicol, which have all been seen before in one form or another, although they always provoke laughter, however often they are looked at; and some smaller or less important specimens from dozens of other artists, more interesting to local than to general readers; but the vast stride made by John Faed in colour, as displayed principally in the 'Bedouin exchanging a Young Slave for Armour,' is a pleasing fact of more than local importance. There are some freely painted heads in a small historical picture by the same artist; and he has endeavoured to embody the heart-vexed Job and his heartless comforters; but this is the least successful effort of the painter, and not to be compared as a work of Art with the 'Bedouin,' already mentioned.

There are some pictures of importance to all interested in Art, the productions of young men on whom the burden of supporting the reputation of the Scotch school is already resting. These youths have all recently been, and some of them still are, students at the Royal Institution; and while their works do honour to their instructors, it may be hoped that, under the new régime of Art-teaching in Edinburgh, the fruits of the future may equal those of the present and the past. First among these youths, Hugh Cameron may be placed; his picture of 'Going to Hay'—two country girls going to the hay-field, and singing as they go—being one of the best specimens of colour and legitimate artistic finish which has been exhibited in Edinburgh for years; and there were very few pictures exhibited last year in London superior to this 'Going to Hay,' in the two qualities named. The tone and texture, and simplicity of style achieved, is a high standard from which to make another start, and nothing but intense study and hard work will keep Mr. Cameron up to the point he has already reached. In such a case, not to go forward is to go back; because a portion of that strength which has been concentrated upon colour will require to be devoted to the composition of more mind-wearing subjects, if a high reputation is to be attained; and then comes the rock ahead—that on which so many young men of highest promise have made shipwreck of their professional prospects—viz., the need for increased application, which can alone compensate for the

diffusion of mental power over the many necessary requisites of great pictures. Another of these young men is John Burr—his brother does not exhibit this season—and his 'New Frock,' although not so perfect, in any quality, has many points of excellence combined with some serious defects. In character, and the power of rendering the children of common life as they are, these brothers Burr have already secured high local estimation, and most justly, because upon these phases of their art most laudable efforts are bestowed; but in this 'New Frock' there is in some parts a carelessness of drawing, and a want of appreciation of womanly beauty, which mar what would otherwise have been a very high class picture. As it is, it is simply a good picture, with many high class passages interspersed—the worse ones being so clearly the result of inattention as to make the mixing up of such excellence and ungainliness far from creditable to the artist. Peter Graham, another of these lads, aspires to higher efforts, and, in 'An Incident in the Times of the Covenanters,' ventures on that mine of Scottish story which Harvey has so successfully worked. With many well-expressed ideas, Mr. Graham has also much to acquire before he can become victor in so high a field; but his 'Incident' is creditable, and not without promise. M'Taggart is another young man whose pictures are well calculated to inspire hope, although that should not altogether be unmixed with fear, because there is one tendency shown in nearly all the works of this young artist, which must be checked and overcome. There is nothing more delightful or generally more difficult to achieve than harmony and tone, and, therefore, it is not unnatural that the minds of young artists should be devoted to overcome the difficulty. But they must remember that a false tone may be got so perfect as to become insipidity, and that there is more hope in vigorous rawness than in sickly harmony of colour. We cannot go into that subject at present, but nature knows nothing of subjects painted on a key, and no Art can be true which even proximately violates the principles of nature. The last of these young men which we shall name, is Pettie—a mere youth, but one who already paints with a dexterity, and thinks with a vigour, far beyond his years. These all belong to a class of students which, if the public and associations spoil them not, will mark an era in the history of Art in Scotland.

First among the specimens of sculpture stands Mr. Calder Marshall's magnificent figure of 'Ophelia,' well known both in London, and from being one of the gems of the Manchester exhibition; and next to it must be placed a colossal bust of that myth, 'The Norse Sea-king,' by a young man, another of the class of young students, John Hutchinson, who exhibits, we believe, for the first time, and who has, therefore, taken the northern artistic public by storm with his successful *début*. The head wants some of those characteristics such as the heavy under jaw, usually associated with such personages, and which seem necessary to give the full idea of animal strength; but even with such defects, this head is a conception sufficient to secure for its author more than a respectable place among imaginative sculptors. The colossal bust of 'Her Majesty the Queen,' by John Steel, is already well known; and the busts by Brodie and others are many of them respectable, but require no separate notice. Among the water-colour drawings there are specimens by Kenneth Macleay, Mrs. Blackburn, G. M. Greig, Ferrier, W. Miller, and others, creditable to the respective artists; and some clever architectural designs by David Bryce, Rind, and Matheson, the latter exhibiting the plans of the new Post-office for Edinburgh, which have been approved both by government and the city corporation. Two very clever sea-pieces, by Vallance, and some landscapes, by Craustoun, McWhirter, and Charles E. Johnston, should have been noticed. Many have been left unnoticed although marked for criticism; yet with the pictures already named, and others, some of them by London artists, the Exhibition is this year fully as interesting, and certainly more encouraging, than it has been for some years past.

We believe the rules of the Scottish Academy do not prohibit the exhibition of works that have been hung in other galleries: why then do not the Scottish artists send more often to London? where they would be welcomed.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

VIETRI.

C. Stanfield, R.A., Painter. W. Miller, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 8 in. by 1 ft. 10½ in.

NUMEROUS as are the picturesque scenes which invite the artist to linger on the coasts of Southern Italy, he will find none more inviting than those which abound in the Gulfs of Naples and Salerno. The whole line of sea-girt land extending from Pozzuoli on the north to Salerno on the south would supply landscape subjects sufficient in number to fill a large picture gallery, and beautiful enough, if treated as they deserve to be, to win the admiration of all who might chance to see them. This region is the sketching-ground of many of our painters, as it was of some of the old Italian artists. The poet Rogers alludes to its loveliness, and associates one particular locality situated therein, Amalfi, with the name of Salvator Rosa:—

"There would I linger—then go forth again,
And hover round that region unexplored,
Where to SALVATOR (when, as some relate,
By chance or choice he led a bandit's life,
Yet oft withdrew, alone and unobserved,
To wander through those awful solitudes),
Nature revealed herself. Unveiled she stood,
In all her wildness, all her majesty,
As in that elder time, ere Man was made."

Vietri lies at a short distance only from Amalfi, which at one period of its history—namely, in the twelfth century, when it was pillaged by the Pisans—contained a population of 50,000 inhabitants, and was a city of vast commercial importance:—

"The time has been
When on the quays along the Syrian coast
'Twas asked, and eagerly, at break of dawn,
'What ships are from Amalfi?' when her coins,
Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime;
From Alexandria southward to Sennar,
And eastward through Damascus and Cabul,
And Samarcand, to the great wall, Cathay."

It has not been our good fortune to visit Vietri, but we find it described in that excellent tourist's companion, Murray's *Handbook of Southern Italy*, as "a small but delightful watering-place, of about 3,000 souls, beautifully situated at the extremity of a savage gorge, called the Val Arsiccia, in the northern angle of the Gulf of Salerno." Mr. Stanfield's picture shows but a small portion of the town, that which is immediately situated on the shore, from a point where the view is taken. The sea here assumes the form of a bay, the farther end of which is enclosed by precipitous rocks, terminating with hills, not very lofty, but gently sloping towards the beach. The principal object in the picture are the remains of an ancient tower, on the summit of which some buildings of a comparatively modern date have been erected, as a kind of dwelling-house. Stretching onward from this, and to its right, the various edifices are seen grouped in a most picturesque manner, almost as if intended to invite the pencil of the artist. Drawn up on the beach, underneath the tower, are a few fishing boats—all that now remain of the vast commercial navy that used to float on the waters of this and the adjacent ports; and in the foreground a few of the fishing population are occupied with their work.

Interesting as is the subject pictorially, Mr. Stanfield has given to it additional value by his skilful and able treatment: the sky is especially worthy of notice, from the elegant forms which the clouds assume, and their light, feathery, and floating appearance; their reflections in the water render the blue surface of the latter very transparent. In colour the picture is bright and very harmonious, with an entire absence of that "chalkiness," which is seen in some of this artist's works. We feel it would be an act of injustice to Mr. Miller, the engraver of this charming picture, were we to pass by, without notice, the admirable manner in which he has performed his task. The engraving is one of remarkable delicacy and finish, especially in the clouds, and the sands in the foreground; the texture of the latter is wonderfully preserved, soft, damp, and glittering in the sunbeams. We believe that the print of Vietri will be regarded as one of the best landscape engravings that has appeared in this series.

The picture is in the collection at Osborne.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The number of Art-works received at the Salon for this year already exceeds 4500, about 2000 more are expected—an extension of time for their reception having been granted.—We are here looking forward with hope to the invitation given to the English school.—The proposed exhibition of Ary Scheffer's works seems at present to meet with difficulties not easily surmounted.—A fine panoramic building has been erected in the *Champs Elysées*, where Colonel L'Anglois is now executing a picture of "The Taking of the Malakoff."—The commune of Vaucouleurs has voted 10,000 francs for a statue of Joan of Arc.—A petition, the object of which is to prevent the reproduction of engravings by photography, is about to be presented to the Emperor, who will have some difficulty, it may be presumed, to prevent these piracies.—M. A. Martiny has received a commission to execute a plate from the picture of "The Nativity of the Virgin," by Murillo, lately purchased by the Government.—Ary Scheffer's picture of "Christus Consolator," which was engraved in the *Art-Journal* several years ago, and which belonged to the late Duchess of Orleans, was recently sold for the sum of £2400 to M. Fodor, a well-known Dutch collector.

COLOGNE.—The society existing in Cologne for the purchase of works of Art intended to form the nucleus of a civic picture-gallery, has just added to the collection "Oliver Cromwell at the Bedside of his Dying Daughter," by Professor Julius Schrader, of Berlin. For the years 1858, 1859, 1000 and 1500 thalers (£150 and £225) were appropriated to the purposes of the society. The sum of £600 is fixed for the year 1860, and the pictures which are submitted in competition must be historical. In the first year this was not the case, and size, as well as subject, was left to the discretion of the artist.—A picture by Zimmerman, which was in the Great Munich Exhibition, and which we marked in our catalogue at the time on account of its excellence, representing French troops quartered in the magnificent saloon of a palace, has been bought by H. Stein-Herstatt; and another, which we also remember returning to admire in the same exhibition—"Peasants Singing in a Church," by Benjamin Vautier, of Dusseldorf, has too been bought by Karl Stein.

DUSSELDORF.—No decision has yet been come to respecting the directorship of the Academy. It is thought that Bendormann, of Dresden, will be invited to fill the vacant office, but no steps have hitherto been taken to learn if he would be inclined to accept it. His amiable disposition would ensure him many friends.—Lessing, who left Dusseldorf to accept the offers of the Grand Duke of Baden, does not think of quitting Karlsruhe; on the contrary, he is much pleased with his position there. Those artists, however, who lately emigrated to Weimar feel many a longing for the Rhine.—In December last a New York merchant paid Dusseldorf a visit, to take measures for carrying out a long-cherished scheme—namely, to show, to the Americans what German art is. He intends, if possible, to arrange a great exhibition of the works of German artists; and a hundred pictures of the Dusseldorf school have already been obtained, and are indeed already on board ship to be sent to their destination in the New World. No desire of gain is mixed up with Mr. Aufermann's undertaking: it arose solely from the wish to introduce into the land which has now become his home, specimens of German mode of thought, of German poetry, and German feeling.

VIENNA.—On the 7th of February, the sixteen plans which are to contend for the prize for the monument to be erected in memory of Prince Charles Schwarzenburg, were exhibited in the Academy of Arts. They are still on view. The decision rests with a committee composed of Count Thun, the Director Ruben, and five professors of the Academy.

MUNICH.—The Russian battle painter, Kotzebue, who for some years has resided in Munich, has just finished one of his large works, which he was commissioned to paint by the emperor, representing "Suwarrow's Passage over the St. Gothard." It is placed in his atelier for the inspection of the public, and the proceeds of the exhibition are to be given to the Artist's Relief Fund.—Genelli, who is about to settle at Weimar, in accordance with the invitation of the Grand Duke, has not yet left Munich. Before his departure his brother artists intend to entertain him.

BRUSSELS.—M. Fraikin has just finished a piece of sculpture which is attracting large numbers to his studio, where it is exhibited: the subject is Venus in a shell, unfolding her veil for a sail; Cupid is the steersman, and he uses his bow for the rudder. It is one of those fanciful subjects which Etty used to paint with so much poetical feeling and such gorgeousness of colouring.





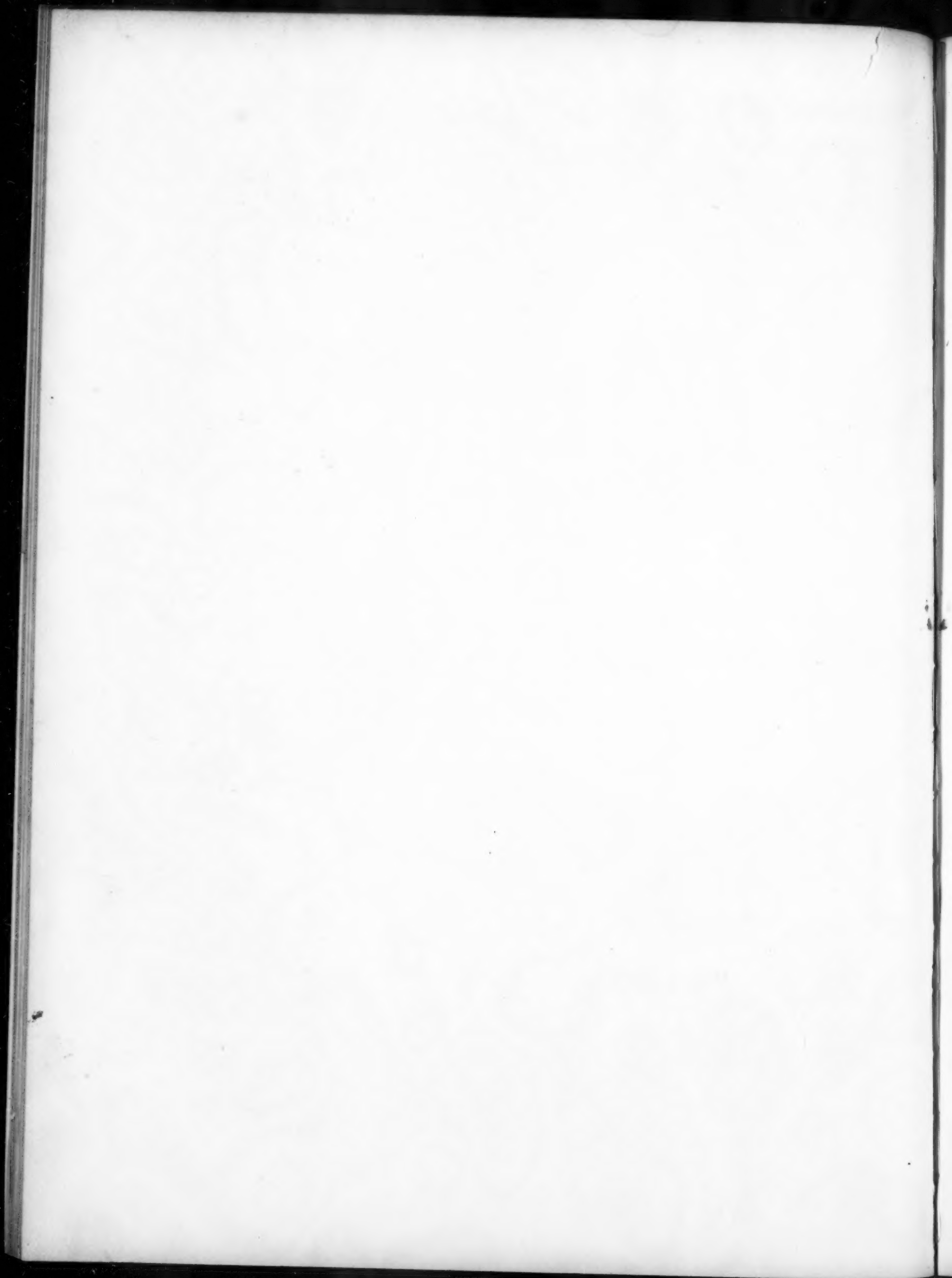
W. MILLER, SCULPT.

O. STANFIELD, R.A. PINX.

VIE TRI.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE



INDOORS AMUSEMENTS AND OCCUPATIONS OF THE LADIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRBOLT, F.S.A.

EQUALLY in the feudal castle or manor, and in the house of the substantial burgher, the female part of the family spent a great part of their time in different kinds of work in the chambers of the lady of the household. Such work is alluded to in mediæval writers, from time to time, and we find it represented in illuminated manuscripts, but not so frequently as some of the other domestic scenes. In the romance of the "Death of Garin le Loherain," when Count Fromont visited the chamber of fair Beatrice, he found her occupied in sewing a very beautiful *chainsil*, or petticoat:—

"Vint en la chambre à la bele Beatriz;
Ele cosoit un molt riche chainsil."
Mort de Garin, p. 10.

In the romance of "La Violette," the daughter of the burgher, in whose house the Count Girard is lodged, is described as being "one day seated in her father's chambers working a stole and amice in silk and gold, very skilfully, and she made in it, with care, many a little cross and many a star, singing all the while a *chanson-à-toile*," meaning, it is supposed, a song of a grave measure, composed for the purpose of being sung by ladies when weaving:—

"I. jor sist es chambres son pere,
Une estole et l. amit pere
De soie et d'or molt soutilment,
Si fait ententevement
Mainte croisete et mainte estole,
Et dist ceste chanson à toile."
Roman de La Violette, p. 113.

Embroidery, indeed, was a favourite occupation: a



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERY.

lady thus employed is represented in our first cut, taken from a richly illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 2 B, VII.) The ladies, too, not only made up the cloths into dresses and articles of other kinds, but they were extensively employed in the various processes of making the cloth itself. Our cut (Fig. 2),



Fig. 2.—A LADY CARDING.

taken from a manuscript of about the same period (MS. Reg. 10 E, IV.), represents the process of carding the wool; and the same manuscript furnishes us with another cut (Fig. 3), in which a lady appears in the employment of spinning it into yarn.

The ladies and maidens were at times released from these serious labours, and allowed to indulge

in lighter amusements. Their hours of recreation followed the dinner and the supper, when they were often joined by the younger portion of the gentlemen of the castle, while the older, and more serious, remained at the table, or occupied

themselves in some less playful manner. In the romance of "La Violette," already quoted (p. 159), we read of the father of a family going to sleep after dinner. In the same romance (p. 152), the young ladies and gentlemen of a noble household are

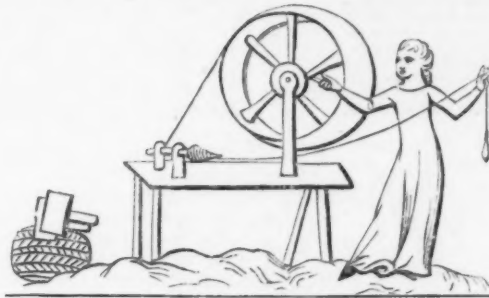


Fig. 3.—A LADY SPINNING.

described as spreading themselves over the castle, to amuse themselves, attended by minstrels with music. From other romances we find that this amusement consisted often in dancing, and that the ladies sometimes sang for themselves, instead of having minstrels. Sometimes, as described in a former paper, they played at sedentary games, such as chess and tables; or at plays of a still more frolicsome character. These latter seem to have been most in vogue in the evening, after supper. The author of the "Ménagier de Paris," written about the year 1393 (tom. i. p. 71), describes the ladies as playing, in an evening, at games named *bric*, and *qui fery*? (who struck), and *pince-merille*, and *tiers*, and others. The first of these

games is mentioned about a century and a half earlier by the *trouvère* Rutebeuf, and by other mediæval writers; but all we seem to know of it is that the players were seated, apparently on the ground, and that one of them was furnished with a rod or stick. We know less still of *pince-merille*. *Qui fery* is evidently the game which was, at a later period, called hot-cockles; and *tiers* is understood to be the game now called blindman's buff. These, and other games, are not unfrequently represented in the fanciful drawings in the margins of mediæval illuminated manuscripts; but as no names or descriptions are given with these drawings, it is often very difficult to identify them. Our cut (Fig. 4), which is given by Strutt, from a manuscript in the Bodleian



Fig. 4.—THE GAME OF HOODMAN-BLIND.

Library, at Oxford, is one of several subjects representing the game of blindman's buff, or, as it was formerly called in England, hoodman-blind, because the person blinded had the eyes covered with the hood. It is here played by females, but, in other illuminations, or drawings, the players are boys or men (the latter plainly indicated by their beards). The name hoodman-blind is not found at an earlier period than the Elizabethan age, yet the name, from its allusion to the costume, was evidently older. A

personage in Shakespeare ("Hamlet," Act iii. scene 4), asks—

"What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?"

Hot cockles seems formerly to have been a very favourite game. One of the players was blindfolded, and knelt down, with his face on the knee of another, and his hand held out flat behind him; the other players in turn struck him on the hand, and he was obliged to guess at the name of the striker, who, if he



Fig. 5.—A GAME AT HOT-COCKLES.

guessed right, was compelled to take his place. A part of the joke appears to have consisted in the hardness of the blows. Our cut (Fig. 5), from the Bodleian manuscript (which was written in 1344), is evidently intended to represent a party of females playing at hot-cockles, though the damsel who plays the principal part is not blindfolded, and she is touched on the back, and not on the hand. Our next cut (Fig. 6), which represents a party of shepherds and

shepherdesses engaged in the same game, is taken from a piece of Flemish tapestry, of the fifteenth century, which is at present to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. Our allusions to this game also are found in the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Among the "commendatory verses" to the second edition of "Gondibert," (by William Davenant), printed in 1653, is the following rather curious piece of wit, which explains itself,

and is, at the same time, an extremely good description of this game:—

The Poet's Hot-Cockles.

"Thus poets, passing time away,
Like children, at hot-cockles play;
All strike by turn, and Will is strook,
(And he lies down that writes a book).
Have at thee, Will, for now I come,
Spread thy hand faire upon thy bomb;
For thy much insolence, bold bard,
And little sense, I strike thus hard.
'Whose hand was that?' 'Twas Jasper Mayne.'
'Nay, there you're out; lie down again.'

With Gondibert, prepare, and all
See where the doctor comes to maul
The author's hand, 'twill make him reel;
No, Will lies still, and does not feel.
That book's so light, 'tis all one, whether
You strike with that or with a feather.
But room for one, new come to town,
That strikes so hard, he'll knock him down;
The hand, he knows, since it the place
Has toucht more tender than his face;
Important sheriff, now thou lyst down,
We'll kiss thy hands, and clap our own."

The game of hot-cockles has only become obsolete in recent times, if it be even now quite out of use.



Fig. 6.—SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

Most readers will remember the passage in Gay's "Pastorals."

"As at hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye."

This passage is aptly illustrated by the cut from the tapestry given above. The same Bodleian manuscript gives us a playful group, reproduced in our cut (Fig. 7), which Strutt believes to be the game



Fig. 7.—THE GAME OF FROG-IN-THE-MIDDLE.

of this kind. "One time," we are told, "there was play among ladies and damsels; there were among them both clever and handsome; they took up many games, until, at last, they elected a queen to play at *roy-qui-ne-ment* (the king who does not lie); she, whom they chose, was clever at commands and at questions."

"Une fol ierent en dosnoi
Entre dames et damoiselles;
De coïntes i ot de belles.
De plusieurs deduits s'entremistrent,
Et tant c'une roïne fistrent
Pour jouer au roy-qui-ne-ment.
Ele s'en savoit finement
Entremettre de commander
Et de demandes demander."

Barbazan Fabliaux, tom. i. p. 100.

The aim of the questions was, of course, to provoke answers which would excite mirth; and the sequel of the story shows the great want of delicacy which prevailed in mediæval society. Another sort of amusement was furnished, by what may be called games of chance; in which the players, in turn, drew a character at hazard. These characters were generally written in verse, in burlesque and often very coarse language, and several sets of them have been preserved in old manuscripts. They consist of a series of alternate good and bad characters, sometimes only designed for females, but at others for women and men: two of these sets (printed in my *Anecdota Literaria*) were written in England;

one, of the thirteenth century, in Anglo-Norman, the other, of the fifteenth century, in English. From these we learn that the game, in England, was called *Rageman*, or *Ragman*, and that the verses, describing the character, were written on a roll called *Ragman's roll*, and had strings attached to them, by which each person drew his or her chance. The English set has a short preface, in which the author addresses himself to the ladies, for whose special use it was compiled:—

"My ladies and my maistresses echone,
Lyke hit unto your humbylle womanhede
Resave in gré (good part) of my symple persone
This rolle, which withouten any drede
Kynge Ragman me had mesoure in brede,
And cristyned yt the meroure of your chauce;
Draweth a stryng, and that shal streight yow leyde
Unto the verry path of your governaunce."

i. e. it will tell you exactly how you behave yourself, what is your character. This game is alluded to by the poet Gower in the "*Confessio Amantis*:"—

"Venus, whiche stant withoute lawe,
In non certeyne, but as men drawe
Of Ragemon upon the chauce,
Sehe leyeth no pays (weight) in the balaunce."

The *ragman's roll*, when rolled up for use, would present a confused mass of strings hanging from it, probably with bits of wax at the end, from which the drawer had to select one. This game possesses a peculiar historical interest. When the Scottish nobles and chieftains acknowledged their dependence

on the English crown in the reign of Edward I., the deed by which they made this acknowledgment, having all their seals hung to it, presented when rolled up much the appearance of the roll used in this game; and hence no doubt they gave it in derision the name of the *Ragman's roll*. Afterwards it became the custom to call any roll with many signatures, or any long catalogue, the various headings of which were perhaps marked by strings, by the same name. This game of chance or fortune was continued, under other names, to a late period. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the burlesque characters were often inscribed on the back of roundels, which were no doubt dealt round to the company like cards, with the inscribed side downwards.

Sometimes the ladies and young men indulged



Fig. 8.—A GAME AT BALL.

within doors in more active games—among which we may mention especially different games with the ball, and also, perhaps, the whipping-top. We learn from many sources that hand-ball was from a very early period a favourite recreation with the youth of both sexes. It is a subject not unfrequently met with in the marginal drawings of mediæval manuscripts. Our cut (No. 8) is taken from one of the carvings of the *miserere* seats in Gloucester Cathedral. The long tails of the hoods belong to the



Fig. 9.—WHIPPING-TOP.

costume of the latter part of the fourteenth century. The whipping-top was also a plaything of considerable antiquity; I think it may be traced to the Anglo-Saxon period. Our cut (Fig. 9) is taken from one of the marginal drawings of a well-known manuscript in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 2 B. VII.) of the beginning of the fourteenth century. It may be remarked that the knots on the lashes merely mark a conventional manner of representing a whip, for every boy knows that a knotted whip would not do for a top. Mediæval art was full of such conventionalities.

A subject closely connected with the domestic amusements of the female part of the household is that of tame or pet animals. Singing-birds kept in cages were common during the middle age, and are both mentioned by the popular writers and pictured in the illuminated manuscripts. In the romance of "*La Violette*" a tame lark plays rather an important part in the story. Our cut (Fig. 10), where we see two birds in a cage together, and which is curious for the form of the cage, is given by Willemin from a manuscript of the fourteenth century at Paris. The hawk, though usually kept only for hunting, sometimes became a pet, and persons carried their hawks on the fist even in social parties within doors. The jay is spoken of as a cage-bird. The parrot, under the name of *papejay*, *popinjay*, or *papingay*, is also often spoken of during the middle ages, although, in all probability, it was very rare. The favourite

talking-bird was the pie, or magpie, which often plays a very remarkable part in mediæval stories. The aptness of this bird for imitation led to an exaggerated estimate of its powers, and it is fre-



Fig. 10.—BIRDS ENCAGED.

quently made to give information to the husband of the weaknesses of his wife. Several mediæval stories turn upon this supposed quality. The good Chevalier de la Tour-Landry, in his book of counsels to his daughters, composed in the second half of the fourteenth century, tells a story of a magpie as a warning of the danger of indulging in gluttony. "I will tell you," he says, "a story in regard to women who eat dainty morsels in the absence of their lords. There was a lady who had a pie in a cage, which talked of everything which it saw done. Now it happened that the lord of the household preserved a large eel in a pond, and kept it very carefully, in order to give it to some of his lords or of his friends, in case they should visit him. So it happened that the lady said to her female attendant that it would be good to eat the great eel, and accordingly they eat it, and agreed that they would tell their lord that the other had eaten it. And when the lord returned, the pie began to say to him, 'My lord, my lady has eaten the eel.' Then the lord went to his pond, and missed his eel; and he went into the house, and asked his wife what had become of it. She thought to excuse herself easily, but he said that he knew all about it, and that the pie had told him. The result was that there was great quarrelling and trouble in the house; but when the lord was gone away, the lady and her female attendant went to the pie, and plucked all the feathers from his head, saying, 'You told about the eel.' And so the poor pie was quite bald. But from that time forward, when it saw any people who were bald or had large foreheads, the pie said to them, 'Ah! you told about the eel!' And this is a good example how no woman ought to eat any choice morsel by gluttony without the knowledge of her lord, unless it be to give it to people of honour; for this lady was afterwards mocked and jeered for eating the eel, through the pie which complained of it." The reader will recognise in this the origin of a much more modern story.

One of the stories in the celebrated mediæval collection, entitled "The Seven Sages," also turns upon the talkative qualities of this bird. There was a burgher who had a pie which, on being questioned, related whatever it had seen, for it spoke uncommonly well the language of the people. Now the burgher's wife was a good for nothing woman, and as soon as her husband went from home about business, she sent for her friend out of the town; but the pie, which was a great favourite of the burgher, told him all the goings on when he returned, and the husband knew that it always spoke the truth. So he became acquainted with his wife's conduct. One day the burgher went from home, and told his wife he should not return that night, so she immediately sent for her friend; but he was afraid to enter, for "the pie was hung up in his cage on a high perch in the middle of the porch of the house." Encouraged, however, by the lady, the friend ventured in, and passed through the hall to the chamber. The pie, which saw him pass, and knew him well on account of some tricks he had played upon it, called out, "Ah, sir! you who are in the chamber there, why don't you pay your

visits when the master is at home?" It said no more all the day, but the lady set her wits to work for a stratagem to avert the danger. So when night came, she called her chamber-maiden, and gave her a great jug full of water, and a lighted candle, and a wooden mallet, and about midnight the maiden mounted on the top of the house, and began to beat with the mallet on the laths, and from time to time showed the light through the crevices, and threw the water right down upon the pie till the bird was wet all over. Next morning the husband came home, and began to question his pie. "Sir," it said, "my lady's friend has been here, and stayed all night, and is only just gone away. I saw him go." Then the husband was very angry, and was going to quarrel with his wife, but the pie went on—"Sir, it has thundered and lightened all night, and the rain was so heavy that I have been wet through." "Nay," said the husband, "it has been fine all night, without rain or storm." "You see," said the crafty dame, "you see how much your bird is to be believed. Why should you put more faith in him when he tells tales about me, than when he talks so knowingly about the weather?" So the burgher thought he had been deceived, and turning his wrath upon the pie, drew it from the cage and twisted its neck; but he had no sooner done so than, looking up, he saw how the laths had been deranged. So he got a ladder, mounted on the roof, and discovered the whole mystery. If, says the story, he had not been so hasty, the life of his bird would have been saved. In the English version of this series of tales, printed by Weber, the pie's cage is made to hang in the hall:—

"The burgeis hadde a pie in his halle,
That couthe telle tales alle
Apertlich (openly), in French language,
And heng in a faire cage."

In the other English version, edited by the author of this paper for the Percy Society, the bird is said to have been, not a pie, but a "popynjay" or parrot, and there are other variations in it which show that it had been taken more directly from the Oriental original, in which, as might be expected, the bird is a parrot.

Among the animals mentioned as pets we sometimes find monkeys. One of the Latin stories in the collection printed by the Percy Society, tells how a rustic, entering the hall of a certain nobleman, seeing a monkey dressed in the same suit as the nobleman's family, and supposing, as its back was turned, that it was one of his sons, began to address it with all suitable reverence; but when he saw that it was only a monkey chattering at him, he exclaimed, "A curse upon you! I thought you had been Jenkin, my lord's son."* The favourite quadruped, however, has always been the dog, of which several kinds are mentioned as lady's pets. The Chevalier de La Tour-Landry warns his daughters against giving to their pet dogs dainties which would be better bestowed on the poor. I



Fig. 11.—THE LADY AND HER CATS.

have printed in the "Reliquie Antiquæ" a curious Anglo-Norman poem, of the beginning of the fourteenth century, written as a satire on the ladies of

* The Latin original of this story is so quaint that it deserves to be given *ipsisimis verbis*. "De rustico et simia. Quidam aniam cujusdam nobilis intrans, vidensque simiam de secta filiorum vestitum, quia dorsum ad eum habebat, filium credidit esse domini, cui cum reverentia qua debuit loqueretur. Invenit esse simiam super eum cacinantem, cui ille, 'Maledicaris!' inquit, 'credidi quod fuisses Jankyn filius domini mei.'—*Latin Stories*, p. 122.

the time, who were too fond of their dogs, and fed them delicately, while the servants were left to short commons. (*Reliq. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 155). Cats are seldom mentioned as pets, except of ill-famed old women. There was a prejudice against them in the middle ages, and they were joined in peoples imagination with witchcraft, and with other diabolical agencies. The accompanying group of an old lady and her cats is taken from a carving on one of the *misereres* in the Church of Minster in the Isle of Thanet.

THE

CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.

If the ultimate success of any project is to be measured, at an early stage of its career, by a prosperous beginning, and by a popularity far exceeding what had even been hoped for, the CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION may be already pronounced successful. This is the more satisfactory, because this Art-Union possesses strong claims upon the public for sympathy and support. It is a good thing—aiming at really beneficial results, ably and judiciously conducted, and calculated to realize even more than it holds forth to its subscribers. It, therefore, *ought* to become popular. And, accordingly, it is with satisfaction we record the fair promise it already gives of success.

It will be borne in remembrance that this association has not been formed for the purpose of giving effect to any commercial enterprise. On the contrary, it is strictly what it professes to be—an *Art-Union*. It has been formed for the purpose of developing, amongst all classes of our social community, the love for works of true Art, and for leading to the general "advancement of Art-appreciation." The association has allied itself to the Crystal Palace, because its own objects it declares to be identical with those of that wonderful institution. "The resources of the Crystal Palace," the council of this Art-Union affirm, to "supply a means of aiding in a comprehensive educational progress, especially in reference to Art, altogether without precedent." It is, indeed, a just inference from such a conviction, that the Crystal Palace should be made to assist in the dissemination of works of Art, and productions of Art-manufacture, that will "confirm and enlarge the value of its own system of action." Once assume that the Crystal Palace is a great—the greatest—popular Art-teacher, and it follows of necessity that it must take that practical step in advance, which renders it the centre from which educational works of Art of a popular character should radiate. We rejoice to find the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company taking up a decided position as teachers of Art. They possess abundant resources in that capacity; and, since they have come forward with this Art-Union, we feel encouraged to look to them for a full development of the educational powers of the Crystal Palace. But this is too comprehensive a matter by far to be considered as incidental to an Art-Union, or, indeed, to any other subject; and, besides, it is our present object to place briefly before our readers what the "Crystal Palace Art-Union" is doing, and to invite for it their cordial and zealous co-operation.

"The works proposed to be included within the sphere of the society's operations comprise pictures, drawings, engravings, sculptures, bronzes, carvings, photographs, enamel and porcelain paintings, glass, as well as selected examples of the higher branches of ornamental art;" and "the distribution of these objects will be effected, first, by the selection of a work of Art, by the subscriber himself, from among those executed expressly for this purpose, and, secondly, by the annual drawing, within the palace, of the prizes, which will be carefully selected by the council, whose duty it will be to secure for the prizeholders objects of a varied character and of the highest excellence." These plans speak for themselves; and it can be easily understood that they are calculated to exert an unusual influence. Subscriptions may be either of one, two, three, or five guineas; and the objects to be selected, and the chances of prizes, are adjusted to the proportionate claims of those amounts. Amongst the works already prepared and awaiting selection by subscribers

of one guinea are two exquisite busts of Ophelia and Miranda (eleven inches high), executed after the original models by Mr. W. Calder Marshall, R.A., by Copeland, in ceramic statuary; a Renaissance vase; fine model reproductions of Græco-Etruscan vases, executed by Messrs. Battam and Son; a beautiful "swan tazza," and the "Ariosto vase," in Parian, by Kerr and Binns, of Worcester; a jewel vase;—and photographs: four large views (21 by 18 inches) of the Crystal Palace—two interiors, and two taken from the gardens. For subscribers of larger sums there have been provided a fine tazza in electro-bronze; model Greek vases; a beautiful vase and stand in Parian; life-size copies of the bust of Ophelia; the magnificent photograph of the interior of the Crystal Palace (54 inches by 24), by Delamotte, that lately attracted so much attention at the Photographic Exhibition; and a thoroughly Gibsonian version, in ceramic statuary, of Gibson's "Nymph at the Bath," which forms an exquisite statuette, prejudicially affected, however, by the introduction of gold and colour, after the present manner of the distinguished sculptor. Other works will be added in course of time. The objects for prizes are still under the consideration of the council.

We desire to express in the strongest terms our approval of what this Art-Union has already accomplished. Everything that is submitted to the choice of the subscribers must be good, since all bear the impress of a pure taste, and teach a refined appreciation of Art. In the selection of prizes we trust the council will extend their approval to worthy objects of every class that is specified in their most satisfactory prospectus. There is one point that we would press upon their attention with reference both to the prizes and to any future objects to be presented to subscribers; and this is, that their Art-Union should comprehend works no less varied in their style of Art than in the material in which they are produced and the forms they assume.

"The Crystal Palace Art-Union" will receive from us such future notice as may be consistent with its progress; and when hereafter adverting to this society itself, and to its proceedings, we shall be prepared to corroborate our present expression of admiration for the manner in which the duties of secretary and general superintendent are discharged by Mr. Thomas Battam, jun., F.S.A.—the Mr. Battam of the Ceramic Court. Having thus, at the outset of this project, given to it a warm and cordial support, we shall be the more free to comment upon any errors or short-comings, if, at any time, any such shall be found to exist.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—At a recent general meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy, the following Associates were elected to the rank of Academicians:—Messrs. E. Nicol, Gourlay, Steell, and W. Brodie; the last-mentioned is a sculptor.

The Wallace Monument.—It having been decided by a number of Scottish gentlemen that a monument to the memory of this ancient hero should be erected on the Abbey Craig, Cambuskenneth, Stirlingshire, £5000 being subscribed for the same, the committee selected the design by Noel Paton, and so far the matter seemed settled, until, with that strange perversity which seems to attend the fate of all public monuments, the secretary of the committee endeavoured, at a subsequent public meeting, to get up a strong agitation, and entirely overthrow everything that has been done. Mr. Paton, who has long been favourably known as a painter of eminence, has now, for the first time, appeared before the world as a sculptor, and his notions have evidently been too artistic for the opponents of his design, some of whom seem to prefer a tall tower placed on the site, or a gigantic Wallace on a pedestal. Mr. Paton's design is now in the Edinburgh Exhibition, and is by him intended to typify "The triumph of Freedom and Bravery over powerful but unholy Ambition," which is done by symbolic figures of a lion and serpent-limbed giant. This prostrate figure holds the broken chain with which he would bind the lion, who has planted his feet upon him, and sounds forth his note of triumph. The design is exceedingly spirited, and if executed of the colossal proportions originally intended, would be one of the

most striking public monuments we know. It is completely out of the "conventional" style; hence it has alarmed some of the committee, who have the folly to talk of offending the English by such a display; for this purpose the monument, like Bottom in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," has been "translated,"—the lion is said to be Scotland, of course, and the figure beneath "England, crowned, brawny, and perfidious;" and English tourists are prophesied to fly Scotland in future in high dudgeon at all this; and perhaps intestine wars may again break out between north and south. For the comfort of all such alarmists, we beg to assure them there would be little difficulty in erecting such a monument in Smithfield, the spot where England disgraced herself by the execution of Wallace. Most certainly no Englishman is silly enough to take the ignorant and narrow view of the matter some Scotsmen seem inclined to take. A poetic work must not be put into vulgar and distorted prose for mere party purposes.—Mr. Paton's picture, "In Memoriam," exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, has been purchased by Mr. Hill, of Edinburgh, the eminent printseller.

GLASGOW.—At the examination of the students of the Normal Colleges by her Majesty's inspector, in December last, eighty-three prizes were awarded for the best works in the various stages of Art-instruction, viz. free-hand drawing, practical geometry, perspective, model drawing, &c. &c., being an advance of thirty-eight on those of the previous year. At the Paisley Educational Institute thirty-five prizes were given. The Art classes in these institutions are conducted by Mr. Edwin Lyne, of the Department of Science and Art, who displays great energy and skill in their management, since his connection with the Government School of Design. We believe that drawing has become much more general, being now taught on sound principles in many of the public schools of Glasgow; indeed, it is rapidly becoming a part of general education.

BANFF.—A lecture on "The Harmony of the Fine Arts" was recently delivered before the Banff Literary Society, by the Rev. J. B. Ritchie, of Aberdeen. We have seen an outline of the address in one of the local papers, from which we judge that the reverend lecturer treated his subject in a most able and pleasing manner.

CLONMEL.—On the 17th of February, the lecture hall of the Mechanics' Institute was numerously attended by the friends of the pupils attending the School of Art, and others interested in the welfare of the Institution, to witness the distribution of prizes to the successful candidates. A large number of the prizes were the gift of Mr. White, a gentleman resident in Clonmel, who has liberally aided towards the support of the school. One of the speakers, Mr. Fitzgerald, sub-sheriff, expressed his deep regret that the interest originally taken in the school had not been maintained; as a proof of the fact, he stated that the average attendance of pupils had decreased from ninety-one to thirty-four, the number attending about the period of the recent exhibition, since which period it had again fallen as low as thirty. Allusion was also made to the comparatively small attendance of the artizan classes at the exhibition, for whose benefit more especially it was intended. Such a statement is anything but complimentary to the operative classes of Clonmel, and argues indifference to their own welfare.

MANCHESTER.—The annual meeting of the Manchester School of Art was held at the Royal Institution, Moseley Street, on February 22nd. The galleries were filled with the national drawings from all the schools of Art in the United Kingdom. We learn from the report that the debt of about £400, contracted three years ago, had since been almost paid off, chiefly by the additional progress of the school. The subscriptions had fallen from £295, in 1855, to £255 in the past year; but the fees from students had, during the same period, advanced from £313 to £513. The total income had been for the past year £1165 13s. 7d.; and though the year commenced with a debt of £120 2s. 9d., the amount owing at the close was only £10 13s. 1d. Mr. Hammerley, the head master, stated that the number of pupils who attended the School of Art was 549; 800 pupils of parochial schools had been taught by pupil teachers; and 2451 pupils of other classes had received instruction by the masters or certified teachers of the school: he also said that while no school of Art could receive more than thirty medals at an examination, the Manchester school had awarded to it twenty-nine at the last examination. Mr. Alderman Agnew paid a well-merited compliment to Mr. Hammerley for his management of the school. Among the visitors on this occasion was Mr. Ruskin, who addressed the meeting for an hour and a half upon the characteristics of Art and artists; his lecture—for so it may be called—was listened to with the utmost attention and interest, though, as

may be presumed, his remarks were tinged with his own peculiar feelings and opinions.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE.—The friends and supporters of the School of Art here had their annual meeting on the 22nd of February, when Mr. W. Jackson, M.P. for the borough, was called to the chair. In the course of his address, Mr. Jackson made especial reference to the education of females in Art, and said, as an illustration of its importance, that a fashionable milliner of Regent Street told him that any girl who understood the elements of drawing was able to obtain much higher wages than a one who had not that knowledge, and that several young women in her employ, possessed of some information on the art of design, were of the greatest assistance to her. This fact is well worthy of consideration on the part of those who are seeking to ameliorate the condition of intelligent young females who have to earn their own livelihood. From the report it appears that the total number of pupils receiving instruction at, and in connection with, the central school, was 300: the number of students at the latter was 58, being an advance of 11 over the previous year.

LEEDS.—The School of Art in this town being in debt to the amount of about £120, attempts have recently been made to liquidate it by holding two *conversazioni* at the Town Hall: at one of these gatherings a paper, ably written, was read by the Rev. A. Bury, on "Art as an Interpreter of Nature." A concert, in connection with an Art-exhibition, is, we understand, to take place for the same object.

BRADFORD.—A School of Art was inaugurated in this town on the 1st of last month, when Mr. Ruskin delivered an appropriate address to the company assembled.

CANTERBURY.—A monument is being executed by Mr. Pyffers, whose works have been occasionally noticed in our columns, for the crypt of St. Augustine's Chapel, to the memory of deceased students of the college in this city. The principal figures in the sculptural design are St. Augustine preaching to Ethelbert, the Saxon monarch.

PICTURE SALES.

A CONSIDERABLE number of pictures by the old masters, chiefly from the collection of the late Mr. L. Pryse, M.P., was disposed of by Messrs. Christie and Manson, on the 12th of March. We observed that none of the works fetched remarkable high prices, a fact tending to show that old pictures are not estimated as they used to be, or else that those submitted for sale on the present occasion were not of the highest character. The principal "lots," and the prices they realized, were as follows:—"Portrait of Helena Forman," Rubens, from the collection of Lucien Bonaparte, 101 gs.; "La Carita," Andrea del Sarto, from the Ruspigliosi Palace, 125 gs.; "Il Vaggio di Rachele," Salvator Rosa, from the gallery of La Contessa M. T. Spinelli, 240 gs.; "The Virgin, attended by Two Angels, appearing to St. Dominic," B. Boccaccio, 101 gs.; it was stated that this picture is believed to be the only example in England of this old and rare Italian painter; it was formerly in the Church of St. Dominic, at Savona. "Venus Bathing," and "Endymion carrying Venus on his Shoulders," both engraved by G. Ghisi, about the year 1556, a pair, by Luca Penni, 245 gs.; "Landscape, with a Peasant driving Sheep over a Wooden Bridge," Ruydael, 170 gs.; "The Holy Family," W. Mieris, 155 gs.; "Italian Seaport," J. Vernet, 100 gs.; "Italian Landscape, with a Large Party of Muleteers under a Group of Trees, &c.," a very fine picture, by N. Berghem, which was most keenly contested, £735; and a beautiful specimen of Canaletti's pencil, "The Grand Canal, Venice," 275 gs. There were more than 170 pictures sold; the gross sum they realized was upwards of £4550.

At a sale by Messrs. Foster, a small picture by Webster, called "The Hop-Garden," realized 126 gs.; "The Meadows near Canterbury—Summer Morning," by T. S. Cooper, 260 gs.; "Alpine Scenery—the Rocky Glen," T. Creswick, 145 gs.; "View near Arran, Scotland," and its companion, H. Bright, 114 gs.; "The Blind Piper, a Scene in Normandy," F. Goodall, 100 gs.; "The Wedding Morning," R. Redgrave, 130 gs.; "Lake Wallingstadt, Switzerland," W. Muller, 320 gs. The number of pictures included in the catalogue of the sale was 138; the sum for which the whole were disposed of exceeded £4000.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART IV.—MONMOUTH.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME, ETC.

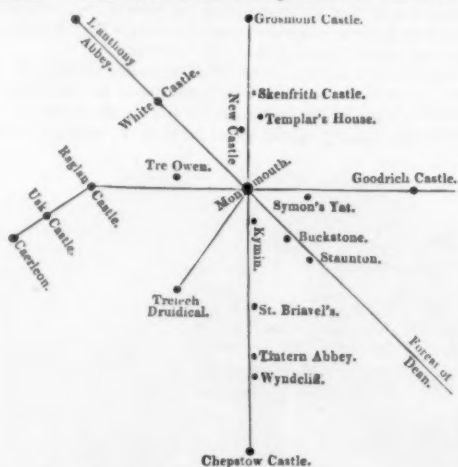


ONMOUTH rises from the river-side, occupying a slight elevation, which stands between the Monnow and the Wye, at the mouth of the Monnow, whence its name is derived. The effect is very striking from the bridge at which the voyager moors his boat.

The situation of the town is singularly beautiful, occupying a tongue of land formed by the confluence of the two rivers at the termination of a rich valley, surrounded by lofty hills, whose wooded acclivities, from the base to the summit, enrich a landscape rarely surpassed in any part of Wales or England.

Seen from the Monnow, the town seems perched on the height of a huge cliff; whilst from all adjacent places, the church steeple—the Church of St. Mary—towers high above surrounding houses.

The tourist has a choice of good inns—a matter of no small importance; for as Monmouth is the centre of many attractions to those who visit the Wye, it will probably be a resting-place of some days; hence they will make excursions to some of the most interesting objects in a locality full of them. We cannot, therefore, do better than supply the tourist with a GUIDE to the several leading "Lions" of the district.* Some of these we shall picture: but to describe



them all would be to enlarge this portion of our tour beyond the limits to which we are restricted.

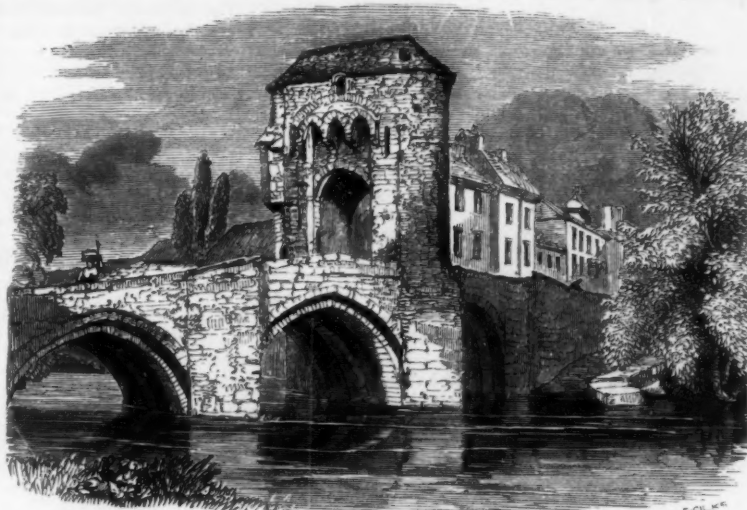
Monmouth is famous in history; and has been so from a very remote period; although its earliest existing charter is dated no farther back than 1549—granted by Edward VI. “to the burgesses of his burg and town of Monmouth, in the Marches of Wales, and in the Duchy of Lancaster.”

It is surmised to have been a Roman station, the *Blestium* of Antoninus; but it was certainly a stronghold of the Saxons, by whom it was fortified, to maintain their acquired territory between the Severn and the Wye, and to check incursions of the Welsh; there was undoubtedly a fortress here at the Conquest. It is expressly mentioned in *Domesday Book* as forming part of the royal demesne; "in the custody of William Fitz Baderon," in whose family it remained for two centuries. *Lambard* states that "the citie had once a castle in it," which, during the barons' wars, was razed to the ground. "Thus," quoth the chronicler, "the glorie of Monmouth had clene perished, ne had it pleased God long after, in that same place, to give life to the noble king Henry V., who of the same is called Henry of Monmouth." It is this castle, and this memorable "birth," that give imperishable renown to the town of Monmouth. The present castle—a miserable and shamefully desecrated ruin, yet one that vies in interest with that of imperial Windsor itself—was built, or perhaps rebuilt, by old John of Gaunt,—time-

* For this "Guide" we are indebted to a kind correspondent, W. W. Old, Esq., of Monmouth, an amateur artist, who, having long resided in the neighbourhood, is familiar with every portion of it. From him also we have received the minor sketches which illustrate this chapter,—the Naval Temple, Geoffrey's Window, Nelson's Summerhouse, Staunton Church, and the Buckstone: Captain Carter having supplied us with a drawing of the "Castle from the Meadows."

honoured Lancaster,—to whom it devolved by marriage with Blanche, “daughter and heir” of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, whose title was inherited, with the estates, by the great nobleman who is immortal in the pages of history, and also in those of “the playwright”—William Shakspeare.

Passing subsequently through various hands—especially those of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke—it became the property of the Dukes of Beaufort: and the present Duke is now its



MONNOW BRIDGE.

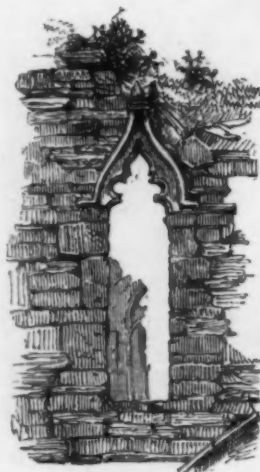
lord. We cannot believe him to be responsible for the shameful condition in which these remnants, left by old Time, are suffered to exist. The walls are crumbling away; "Harry's window" is breaking up; while the interior has been literally converted into a pigsty, where it is hazardous for a foot to tread. The state of this ruin forms so marked a contrast with that of



MONMOUTH CASTLE, FROM THE MONNOW.

Raglan, and also that of Chepstow—both of which are the property of the Duke, and remarkable for neatness and order, and due care to preservation—that we must suppose Monmouth to be, in some way or other, out of his jurisdiction. At all events, Monmouth Castle is discreditable to the local authorities; and argues very short-sighted policy, no less than shameful indifference to the source whence the town derives its glory and its fame.

The hero of Agincourt was born here, on the 9th of August, 1387. The chamber in which "he first drew breath" was a part of an upper story, 58 feet long by 24 feet broad, and was "decorated with ornamented gothic windows," one of which, the only one that remains, we have engraved. The "county magistrates" erected a statue to "Harry of Monmouth" in the front of the Town Hall, the only authority they could find for "a likeness" being a whole length portrait in the cabinet at Strawberry Hill; this they copied, and the result is a very miserable production, considered as a work of Art, although an undoubted proof that his fellow-townsmen recollected him some four centuries after his death.*



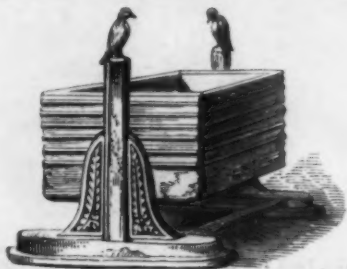
HARRY'S WINDOW.

Monmouth is believed to have been the birth-place of another famous man—"Geoffrey of Monmouth;" little is known of his history, except that he became archdeacon of his native town, was "probably" educated at one of its monasteries, and was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph in 1152. Geoffrey of Monmouth, who was also called "Galfridus Arthurus," but whose proper name was Geoffrey-ap-Arthur, is known chiefly by his romantic history of England, a work "altered and disguised" from a history of British Kings, written by "Tyssilio, or St. Teilo, Bishop of St. Asaph, a writer who lived in the seventh century." It has been long regarded as a collection of fables, to which no value can be attached; but it originated the tragedy of "King Lear," was the source from which Milton drew the beautiful picture of "Comus," and to which other poets have been largely indebted.

* On the great staircase at Troy House is preserved an old cradle, which is called that of Henry V. It is certainly not as old as the era of that monarch; we engrave it, together with some pieces of old armour apparently of the time of Elizabeth, which stand beside it. A comparison of this cradle with that upon the tomb of the infant child of James I. in Westminster Abbey, with which it is almost identical, will satisfy the sceptical as to its date. It is covered with faded and tattered red velvet, and ornamented with gilt nails and silken fringe; from its general character we may believe it was constructed about 1650. The late Sir Samuel Meyrick considered it of the time of Charles I., and the archaeologists who visited the house recently, repudiated the notion of its being that of the fifth Harry.



We engrave a representation of another old cradle long preserved in Monmouth Castle, and which had better claims to be considered as that in which the baby-king was rocked. It has all the characteristics of cradles of his era as represented in ancient drawings; and was entirely made of wood. It was merely a wooden oblong box,



which swung between posts, surmounted by carved birds, with foliated ornament beneath. It has been figured in books devoted to antiquities, and recently in Murray's "Handbook of Medieval Art," where it is stated to be preserved in Monmouth Castle; it has, however, long passed from thence into private hands, and, at present, we are unable to say where the relic may be seen, or whether indeed it be in existence.

There yet remains, in a very good state of preservation, a tower of the ancient Priory, founded during the reign of Henry I., for black monks of the Benedictine order, by Wyhenoc, grandson of Fitz Baderon, and third Lord of Monmouth. In this tower exists an apartment, said and believed to have been Geoffrey's study; but it is evidently of a later date. The building is now used as a National School—remarkably neat, well ordered, and apparently well conducted.

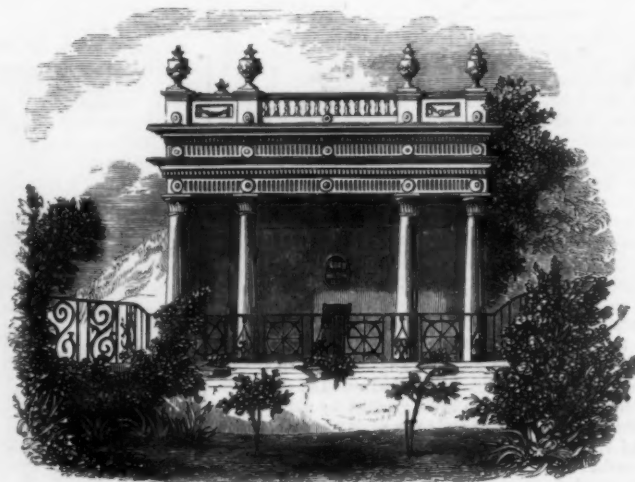
The MONNOW BRIDGE is an object of considerable interest; so also is the Gate-house—a singularly picturesque structure, "the foundation of which," according to Grose, "is so



NAVAL TEMPLE.

ancient that neither history nor tradition afford any light respecting its erection." Obviously it was one of the most formidable defences of the town in "old times." The venerable Church of St. Thomas stands close beside the bridge: it is of high antiquity; "the simplicity of its form, the circular shape of the door-way, and of the arch separating the nave from the chancel, and the style of their ornaments, which bear a Saxon character, seem to indicate that it was constructed before the Conquest." It has been carefully and judiciously "restored."

There are few other "remains" of note in the ancient town of Monmouth, although in its suburbs and "within walking distance" there are many. We may, therefore, be permitted to introduce on this page an engraving of a building which is considered and shown as one of its "lions"—a summer-house consecrated to the memory of the great Admiral Nelson, and which



NELSON'S SUMMER-HOUSE.

contains an old carved chair—his seat during a visit to the neighbourhood, in 1802. But that which attracts most attention in this interesting locality, and to which all tourists will make a pilgrimage, is the Kymin Hill, the ascent to which commences immediately after passing Wye Bridge. It is partly in Monmouthshire and partly in Gloucestershire, and on its summit is a PAVILION, which we picture, less for its intrinsic value (for it is clumsy, and little worthy of the proud position it occupies), than as the spot from which a view is obtained, equal, perhaps, to any that may be obtained in Wales or in England: from this point are seen no fewer than nine counties:—those of Monmouth, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Salop, Radnor, Brecon, Glamorgan, and Somerset. Of this exciting scene thus writes the county historian:—"I shall not attempt to describe the unbounded expanse of country which presents itself around and beneath, and embraces a circumference of nearly three hundred miles. The eye, satiated with the distant prospect, reposes at length on the near views, dwells on the country immediately beneath and around, is attracted with the pleasing position of Monmouth, here seen to singular advantage, admires the elegant bend and silvery current of the Monnow, glistening through meads, in its course towards the Wye, and the junction of the two rivers."

The Pavilion was built in 1794, and "a Naval Temple" was added to it in 1801, the purpose being to accommodate the numerous parties who visited the hill to enjoy the view: from its windows and neighbouring seats the whole country, near and distant, is commanded. It is impossible for language to render justice to the delights supplied from this spot to all lovers of the grand and beautiful in nature.

A road leads from the Kymin to THE BUCKSTONE—one of the most famous druidic remains

to be found in a district abounding with them: it is a singular relic of the wildest superstitions of our British ancestors—

"Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power could not cast from its base!"

Such is the poet's reading; and they were usually so con-



GEOFFREY'S WINDOW.

structed, or so placed, as certainly to "rock" when but lightly touched—hence their popular name of "rocking-stones."*

The CHURCH OF STAUNTON, in the immediate neighbourhood, is highly interesting in character, and very picturesque.



STAUNTON CHURCH.

We introduce an engraving of the interior, from the pencil of our friend Mr. Old.

We have already made the reader familiar with those attractions which neighbour Monmouth and border the Wye—Goodrich Court and Symond's Yat; Ross is distant only a few miles—by land, that is to say. Others we shall describe as we resume our voyage—downward to Chepstow: the venerable Church of St. Briavel, the gloomy Forest of Dean, and the Abbey of Tintern—the majestic ruin that glorifies the banks of the fair river. Regal Raglan

* "The form of the stone is an irregular square inverted pyramid. The point where it touches the pedestal is not above 2 feet square. Its height is about 10 feet; S. E. side, 16 feet 5 inches; N. side, 17 feet; S. W., 9 feet; and its south side, 12 feet. The rock pedestal is an irregular square; S. E. side, 12 feet; N., 14 feet 9 inches; W., 21 feet 5 inches; S., 14 feet."—FOSBROKE.

we shall treat in the Part that follows this. A reference to our Plan will show that other interesting objects are accessible by short drives or walks from the town. Llanthony Abbey, Grosmont Castle, Usk Castle, and "shadowy Caerleon," are too far away to be reached easily. Skenfrith Castle, the Templar's House, and New Castle, will supply material for much thought and interest, if the tourist take but a health-walk. These "strong dwellings" of the old border lords are illustrations of its history, when the district was a continual seat of war; each is now a broken ruin, but each had renown in its day as—

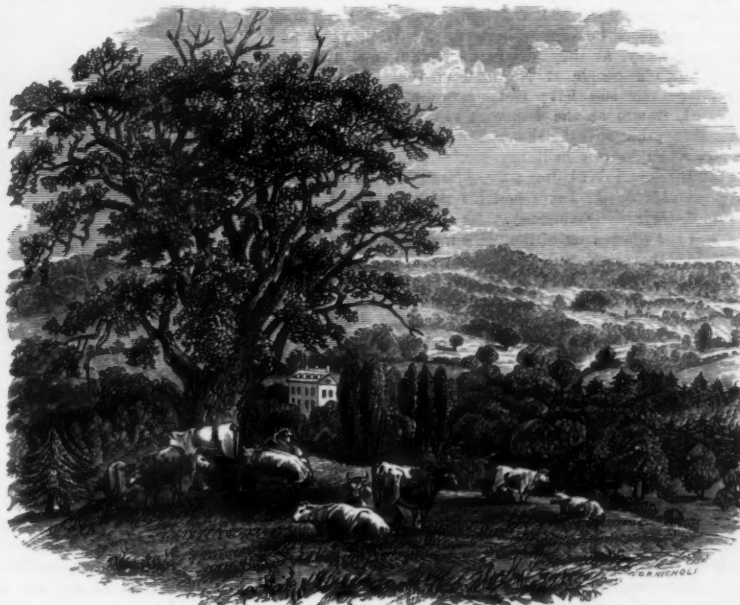
"A statelike seat, a lofty princelike place."

White Castle ("Castle Gwyn") was, so far back as the reign of James I., described as "ruinous and in decay time out of mind," and Skenfrith as "decayed time out of the memory of man."



THE BUCKSTONE.

It is said to be the oldest castle in Monmouthshire. The Templar's House is now a farmhouse. Tre Owen, an ancient mansion, is now also the abode of a substantial farmer. It is, however, a remarkably fine specimen of Tudor domestic architecture, said to have been added to by Inigo Jones. Close to New Castle—a castle now "old"—is the famous fairies' oak, a singularly grown tree, with pendent branches. The druidical monument, the three stones from



TROY HOUSE.

which some learned antiquarians have derived the name of Trelech (*Tri lech* or *Tair llech*), is a relic of much interest.

Troy House, one of the seats of the Duke of Beaufort, is situated about a mile from Monmouth, to the east, near the small river "Trothy," corrupted into Troy. It is said to have been built by Inigo Jones, but is by no means a pure example of the great architect's genius.

On our fourth page we give also a view of the Leys, a mansion and domain we visited and noted on our way down the Wye. To that division of our tour it properly belongs, although seen from any of the heights that neighbour Monmouth, from which it is distant only about four miles, and of which, consequently, it is one of the leading attractions.

There is, however, one interesting structure in Monmouth of which we have as yet taken no note—the Almshouses founded by "William Jones"—a common name, but one to which is due the gratitude of a long posterity in this town.

Monmouth seems more proud of its William Jones than Ross of its John Kyrle. There is a degree of mystery about the former that increases the interest felt to know what are facts and what fancies of the good man's history. The "facts" are clear enough: the Free Grammar School and pretty almshouses tell of the liberality and benevolence of their founder. The "fancies" cannot be better given than in the words of a woman we met at the entrance to one of the houses, and who volunteered to tell us "more about them than any book or body in Monmouth." Our informant could not have been *very* old: her small form was erect and firm; her step brisk and elastic; but her face was lined and re-lined—a wonderful specimen of "cross hatching"—not at all, it would seem, of the same date as her keen, earnest, restless blue eyes—eyes that were still full of the untamed fire of energetic youth. She was respectably dressed; the steel buckle in her high-crowned hat was bright, and her jacket and petticoat, of the true Cambrian cut and colours, fitted to a hair.

"Many say one thing, and as many another," she commenced; "but I have good right to know the truth. My gran'mother came from Newland, where Master Jones his parents, if not himself was born; for the Monmouth people say he was a Monmouth lad, and my gran'father—or maybe it was my great-gran'father—knew and lived in the same house wi' the shoemaker King. If I don't know the truth about Master Jones, all I say is, *Who does?* and no one ever tells me."

The old lady was too decided for us to question her veracity, so we meekly asked for the story.

"But will you believe it?" she inquired, sharply, "and not go looking after it into books, that never tell a word of truth."

As we were well up in "authorities," we could assure her we did not intend looking into books, but rather at the almshouses. No charities so enduring as those recorded in brick and mortar.

"Master Jones's family could do little for him," she continued, "or they would not ha' let him be a 'boots' to an inn in Monmouth. A very gay, lightsome, sprightly lad he was. And, though my gran'mother did not hold wi' it, some did say that he fell in love wi' a girl above his rank, and, finding it would not do, he left Monmouth in despair like; but before he went he owed Master King, the shoemaker, the price of a pair of shoes. He got them only a night or two before he ran right away from the inn; and when many called him a rogue, Master King laughed, and said, 'Will Jones is a good lad, and whenever he can he'll pay me.' Well, years and years went away, as they always do, rolling one after the other. The old people at Newland died in less than ten years after their son left; and whenever Will Jones was mentioned, it was as the lad who ran away with Master King's shoes; but still the shoemaker said, 'The lad's a good lad, and when he can he'll pay me.' Well, after a while even the shoes and Will Jones were forgotten. The slips of elder that old Master Jones and his missus planted in the garden of their little cottage at Newland had grown into trees, and the whole look of the place was changed. It was a fine spring morning, and the elder-trees were in flower, when a poor man, doubled like a bow, and shaking under a ragged coat, crept through the village, and sat on the grass, under the shadow of the trees, for they spread far beyond the rails. The woman who lived in the cottage only scoffed at his questions, and would not answer civilly, and told him to go away, but he would not. He entreated her to let him rest there, and give him to drink of the water of his father's well, but she was without feeling, and set her dog at him. So rising up, he went to the alehouse; and when the master found he sat on the bench at the door, and ordered nothing, he told him there was an overseer then at the poorhouse, and he had better go there at once, and not take up the room of a good customer. Well, there he went, and declared himself to be Will Jones, who had been nearly thirty years away, and who had returned, ragged and penniless, to claim relief from the parish where his parents lived and died, and where he was born; but they declared that, after having lived at Monmouth, and been long away, he had no settlement in Newland; that he should have no relief from them, but that they would send him on to Monmouth. He tried to win their pity; said he was footsore and weary—an old worn-out man, who only craved to end his days where he first drew breath, and be buried in the grave where his parents lay. But no pity was shown him; he was taken before Mr. Wyndham, of Clearwell, who sent him, hungry and footsore still, to Monmouth, as his right settlement. I always heard that in the Monmouth poorhouse he wore the pauper's dress, and eat the pauper's

bread; and yet there was that in the man which went to the hearts of those about him. He soon made his way to Joe King the shoemaker, and found him living in the same small house, next door to the 'King's Head' inn, where he had served when a lad. Joe was always a kindly fellow—my father said all Joes were kindly—it comes to them from Joseph, who put gold money in his brothers' sacks: that's in the Bible, and if you won't take my word for it, you may go to the Bible and look. And Joe, thinking the strange man was above the common, pitied him because of the pauper dress, and asked him to have a bit; and they had a long chat together. And after awhile, Master Jones asked the old shoemaker if he remembered a good-for-nothing scamp of a boy who lived next door, years ago—one Jones, who had cheated him out of a pair of shoes, and gone to London? And the old man looked kindly, shook his head, and said he remembered Will Jones,—'Wild Will' some called him,—but he was *no* scamp; and would pay him yet—if he could; if he could not, he was not going to sin his soul by not forgiving a poor fellow the value of a pair of shoes.

"Next morning the pauper was gone, and of course there was great fuss and talk in the poorhouse that he had gone off with the workhouse clothes; but a month after that a gentleman's coach drove right up to the door, and a gentleman got out; a fine broad-shouldered gentleman he was, firm on his limbs, with a back as straight as a poplar-tree; he carried a bundle under his arm, and asked for the master of the poorhouse. The news spread, as they say, like 'wild-fire,'—great news, that the pauper, old Will Jones, had turned out to be William Jones, Esquire, of the city of Lon'un, and ever so many foreign cities—who had a right to stand upright before the Lord Mayor of Lon'un and the King—a man full of money. And after that he drove straight to Master King's, the shoemaker, and it was no easy thing to make him believe that the great gentleman, or the old pauper—one or the other—was the boy from Newland, who ran away from



THE LEYS.

the inn, and owed him for the shoes. And they had a deal of chaffing about it. And my gran'father said a purse, heavy with gold, was left on the shoemaker's table. Ah, there's many a ready-made gentleman has worn the pauper's coat! He did intend to have done for little Newland what he did for great Monmouth, but never forgave their turning him over to Monmouth parish—how could any one forgive *that*? Sure there's no pleasanter sight than the houses he built, and the comfort he gives year by year to many who, but for him, would be comfortless: and such was his love for this town of Monmouth, that he left thousands of pounds in Lun'on to build almshouses for twenty blind and lame people of the town, who might find themselves in that far-away city. Surely, Monmouth was near his heart! But he was too pure a Christian to bear malice, and left even to the poor at Newland five thousand pounds, with directions about their having the Gospel preached—to teach them charity!"

Such is the popular story of William Jones, and such the origin of those admirable almshouses which supply food and homes to many who have "seen better days." We may safely believe it—tradition is rarely wrong; and though there are even in Monmouth some cold-brained folk who seek to prove that William Jones never was poor, they do not deny that he was a native of the district—that he made a fortune in London—and that he has been for two centuries the benefactor of Monmouth town.

INSTITUTION OF FINE ARTS,
PORTLAND GALLERY.

To the exhibition of this Institution the landscapes again give colour and character. It must also be observed that the majority of the subjects is derived from the inexhaustible fund of the picturesque which we possess at home; and truly our own home varieties, with all their garden-like freshness, are much more difficult to paint than continental scenery. Long ago every peep, from the Monte Pincio and the august Palestine, has been made as familiar as the Piazzas of Pimlico; and he who cannot tell the number of bricks in the Doge's Palace must have sadly forgotten his arithmetic. But these Welsh and Highland mountains laugh or weep according to the humour of our skies; and at the same behest they are brown, grey, or green. We have now been enabled to see some of the habitual exhibitors at this institution through various phases of their practice, and of them nothing but what is honourable can be said. During the summer they labour earnestly from nature; and that it is with profit, there is evidence enough in the results; in some the minute imitation of surface cannot be carried farther, while in others the lights and darks are alternated with the happiest effects. There is a deficiency of figure pictures suitable for the line, the majority of the best figure studies being very small; and in some of these compositions so resolute is the feeling for an unqualified daylight effect, that the backgrounds cannot be kept from patting the figures on the back. This exhibition has always had many small interiors and *genre* pictures very highly worked out, and of these there is now a considerable proportion; but it is to be observed that many artists who are indebted to this institution for what reputation soever they may enjoy, exhibit here no more as soon as they find themselves established in the public good-will. This is neither graceful nor grateful; but hence it is that we find here so many painters in the transition state.

No. 4. 'Follow-my-Leader,' J. A. FITZGERALD. The point of the incident is the preparation of the "leader" to conduct his following, Will-o'-the-Wisp like, into a pond. Being "clothed in rags," he is a most picturesque illustration of that vulgar paradox. The principle which the artist has proposed to himself is that of securing the greatest measure of daylight, relying for his oppositions on variously graduated colour. In this he is successful; and the picture is otherwise very minutely finished.

No. 5. 'The moon is up, and yet it is not night,' H. MOORE. A small picture, composed of that peculiar combination to which the painter shows a marked preference—a sea view from an upland shore, studded with trees. It is a passage of unaffected natural truth.

No. 6. 'Left in Charge,' J. D. WATSON. A little girl stands here as curatrix of a sleeping baby. They seem to be the sole occupants of the cottage. An effective picture.

No. 12. 'Salmon Fishing, Wales—ascertaining the Weight,' A. P. ROLFE. A party of four sportsmen are here engaged in weighing their fish. The artist declares himself a piscator, for the stream looks likely, and in good condition.

No. 24. 'A Woodland Pool,' B. W. LEADER. The trees here, and their foliage, are painted with great firmness, and that independence of feeling which is arrived at by close study of nature alone. The whole of the objects perfectly maintain their places.

No. 31. 'The Spring,' N. O. LUPTON. This is also a sylvan theme, shaded in a great measure by dense leafage, and selected with some taste for romance. It is generally low in tone, but the parts are well defined.

No. 34. 'Gathering Bark,' H. MOORE. The virtue of this excellent work lies in the sea, which is not presented as a flat smooth surface, but infinitely rippled, and with the nicest elaboration. The foreground, shaded and partially shut in by trees, is enriched with a variety of wild flowers, which contribute much to the interest of the picture.

No. 37. 'St. Paul's, from the Thames,' S. A. SLEAP. A small upright picture, painted much in the feeling of the French school. It is uniformly low in tone, and in parts—as the water—not sufficiently careful.

No. 38. 'Church of St. Pierre, at Caen,' W.

PARROTT. This is the view so frequently painted—that of the back of the edifice, where it is washed by the river Orne, after passing under the main street. The place is depicted most accurately. The 'Old Clock-tower at Rouen' is equally exact.

No. 40. 'The Idlers,' C. DUKES. We are introduced here to a group of rustic gossips, each and all very characteristically supporting the title. The background—a woodland screen—is freely and firmly painted, and gives value to the colour and execution of the figures.

No. 44. 'Thames Barges,' E. C. WILLIAMS. They are moored at the water's edge, the perspective carrying the eye down the river, each successive object diminishing in substance, until the distance is lost in the morning light. In colour the picture is most unassuming; the frankness of its treatment is its great charm.

No. 53. 'An October Morning—clearing the Ground for Winter Sowing,' J. PEEL. The morning effect is rich, and perfectly successful, save that the shadows are here and there slightly too strong. The subject is difficult to paint. It has not been selected for its prettiness, being a ridge of arable land—perhaps somewhere near Coniscliffe, on the Tees, as we presume that is the river which appears below.

No. 56. 'Gathering Kelp—Evening,' G. A. WILLIAMS. The distances are very skilfully dealt with; they are removed by the evening mists, which at once veil the background forms, and give substance to the near figures, engaged in collecting sea-weed. The quantities, and the substance of the quantities, in the composition, are so adjusted, that we feel that nothing could be added or subtracted without being felt. Below this, by the same artist, is a winter sunset, a phase which he renders with great truth.

No. 61. 'Trifling with Affection,' C. J. LEWIS. There are three figures, but so studiously perfect are the accessories, that the eye wanders from the love-lorn fisher-boy and the two mocking maidens to the thatch, the pigeons, the masonry, and even the straw. Curiously painted accessory will, in nine cases out of ten, supersede the figures.

No. 67. 'On the Thames, near Goring,' T. J. SOPER. A characteristic passage of Thames scenery, brought forward under clear daylight.

No. 71. 'Falsehood, and a Mother's Admonition,' J. M. BARBER. This picture is unequally painted, as if it had been ultimately hurried; but there are certain passages which are unobjectionable. It is one of those domestic scenes of humble life, of which there are perhaps too many.

No. 73. 'Saintfoin and Clover in Flower,' J. H. RAVEN. The time has been when the painter of such a picture as this would have been pronounced irremediably mad. The subject is simply what the title imports, with a very low horizon. The picture is fragrant, not only with clover, but with all the wild flowers that stud and star the summer fields, from the giddy flaunting poppy to the humblest individuals of the family of *gramina*. Of the foreground we can only say that every item of the wild luxuriance is most conscientiously painted. The actuality of the minute elaboration, and the patience necessary for it, are equally surprising.

No. 78. 'The Rehearsal,' J. L. HIXON. A peripatetic acrobat is here educating some kind of terrier puppy for a future public career. The point of the incident is forcibly dwelt upon.

No. 80. 'In the Meadows, Pyrford, Surrey,' F. HULME. The nearest section of this composition presents a stagnant pool, fringed with aquatic weeds; and hence the eye passes to a ruin, a feature which assists the picturesque quality of the view. His apprehension of the simple beauties of nature qualifies the works of this artist as among the most graceful of our rising school.

No. 91. 'The Tranquil Stream,' H. B. GRAY. An old pasture, studded with gorse and trees, with a secondary section—a wooded distance, closing the view. Such are the materials of this picture, which appears in every passage to have been worked immediately from nature.

No. 95. 'The Church of St. Germain, Amiens,' L. J. WOOD. This, and the 'Beffroi, at Calais,' are two street views, not perhaps so elaborate as others that have preceded them, but still very interesting.

No. 98. 'The Turnstile,' C. ROSSITER. A composition showing a knot of children assembled at a

turnstile, on which a boy with an infant is mounted, and turned round by girls. The proposition is an unqualified daylight, with brilliancy and variety of colour, in the realization of which the success is perfect. The *locus* is Hampstead—that paradise of painters, where every kind of background material is found at their doors.

No. 102. 'The Majesty of Night,' ELIJAH WALTON. This is a study of a nude lady, enthroned on a moonbeam, and backed by the crescent. The figure, as being too heavy, has been painted from an ill-selected model, but the flesh painting is unexceptionable.

No. 105. 'Farm Yard—the Pet Team,' J. F. HERRING, and A. T. ROLFE. The artists show great knowledge of the points of the animal; and the other department of the composition is made out with much freshness.

No. 110. 'On the Hills, near Hastings,' S. R. PERCY. We are placed here on a section of broken foreground—an elevation studded with trees, and overlooking the sea—*se non e vero e ben trovato*—that is, if it be not all truth, it is most judiciously disposed. It is painted with an effective touch, and an agreeable harmony of strong natural colour.

No. 111. 'The Raft,' W. UNDERHILL. This subject has been very frequently treated; but the incidents of the theme may be varied infinitely. There are but few figures, and the single life motive is a man helping a woman out of the sea to a miserable refuge from the yet howling tempest. On the raft are two men, apparently dead, and if so, not from starvation. It is a large picture, put together in a manner sufficiently telling as to the immediate incident. In the figures much of the nude is shown; the slightest inaccuracy in proportion is therefore at once declared. It is, however, a daring essay, successful in many points.

No. 113. 'Woodcock and Spaniels,' G. ARMFIELD. The excitement of the dogs in this picture is a faithful piece of portraiture.

No. 122. 'Red Wheat and Wild Flowers,' J. S. RAVEN. This is a small picture, of which the subject is a hedge nook in a cornfield, the citadel of a community of rabbits. The subject is simple, but it is beautifully brought forward.

No. 144. 'The Red Tarn, Helvellyn,' G. PETTITT. The impressions which this work conveys to the mind are various. It has been clearly the purpose to express vastness, which had been further promoted by some imposing feature in subdued tone. The hard and stony truth of the foreground is a passage of which the importance is at once acknowledged, and thence the eye passes to the lustrous mirror-like tarn, with its marvellous reflections. If there were more of shade in the picture, the eye would scarcely dissent from its uniform greyness, and, without the episode of the lost excursionist, the whole would be qualified with a sentiment more penetrating than that by which it affects the mind.

No. 159. 'A Mermaid,' G. RUNCIMAN. There is no story or point, as far as we can see here; the sky is divided between effects of sunset and moon-rise, both lights falling on the figure. It is painted in the feeling of a foreign school.

No. 167. 'The Rose of Lucerne,' F. UNDERHILL. The refinement that is often attributed to impersonations from the lower strata of society is a mockery and a delusion. The characters, on the contrary, in this work might have had more of interesting form. We only make the observation because the picture is highly successful as a study of sunshine and shadow; a great advance on its predecessors.

No. 170. 'Scene on the Coast,' F. MONTAGUE. A very large picture, showing the coast line going into the picture with an expanse of dry sand and shingle as at low water. The effect is that of broad daylight, with appropriate incidents, telling according to the degrees of distance represented. It is the largest composition we remember to have seen under this name, and although the objects are not numerous, the interest is sustained.

No. 181. 'Benvoirlich,' B. L. LEADER. This is as wild a passage of scenery as any in the Highlands, and such is its semblance of reality that it suggests the idea of having been painted on the spot, with every attention to local colour and sunny effect.

No. 190. 'Primulas,' THOMAS WORSEY. These flowers are painted with much freshness and delicacy, but the sky does not in anywise assist the group.

No. 195. 'Cloveley, by Moonlight,' H. C. WHAITE. With all the power given to the burning kiln, in the middle of this composition, the force and character reside, nevertheless, in the moonlight, as treated in the lower part. We submit, that with conception so just, and a manipulation so true, the moonlight alone would be sufficient.

The screens in the first room contain many works of much interest and beauty, but as many of the artists have their superior works distributed on the walls, where they are noticed in their numerical sequence, we give only some of the names of the authors of these smaller pictures, as Mrs. Withers, A. Moore, Sleep, Smallfield, G. S. Hall, Sarah Hewitt, Carrick, Fitzgerald, Burgess, Dukes, Sark, Pettit, Needham, Fraser, Naish, &c.

No. 319. 'Early Lovers,' F. SMALLFIELD. To speak of this work as a picture, without reference to the narrative, it must be pronounced an essay of real power in the essentials of Art. It contains two figures, a youth, and a girl much his junior: but the correlative expression of the two, as read in the earnest features of the latter, and the pressure of the hands of both, supersedes the necessity of a title. They meet at a stile, and, as it is evening, the tones are generally low, with the exception of a hedge of eglantine which, with its extravagant luxuriance, fills the right of the composition.

No. 329. 'Roslin Chapel,' J. D. SWARBRECK. One of the best pictures of this famous relic that we remember to have seen.

No. 336. 'The Romp,' C. DUKES. There are four figures in this composition, two women and two children. It is generally low in tone, and thence much force and reality are obtained for one of the figures, which is painted up to a light tone. The background is unexceptionable.

No. 348. 'A Dream of the Gouliot Cave, Sark,' J. G. NAISH. There is great power of colour in this work, but, for want of definition, the story is obscure.

No. 351. 'Spring-time in the Woods,' S. J. LEWIS. The principal object here is the bole of an ancient oak-tree, which, with its surroundings, is very successfully delineated. It looks the portrait of a veritable locale.

No. 354. * * * * * D. PASMORE. The scene of the incident here is the ruin of a chapel or monastery; it is now turned into a cuisine, the business of which is carried on by a *chef*, who is receiving a dish of fine trout from a female attendant, while a boy is occupied in attending to a sirloin of beef at the fire. It is spirited throughout, and ingenious in composition.

No. 359. 'Samuel,' BELL SMITH. Samuel may be here received as about to minister before the Lord, "girded with a linen ephod." The features are lighted up in a manner that may be accepted as allusive to the spiritual condition of the child; and this, with a significant action and elevated expression, establishes a character according to the letter of the sacred text. Near this is a 'Rustic Group,' by the same artist, the best of his productions in this genre.

No. 368. 'A Quiet Valley,' S. R. PERCY. A composition of lake and mountain scenery; presenting features of much romantic beauty, with a system of colour extremely harmonious.

No. 371. 'Her Ladyship's Pets,' W. HORLOR. These are two spaniels of the King Charles's breed, crouched upon a table with, near them, the head of a greyhound, that stands on the floor; the heads of the spaniels are well painted, and characteristic.

No. 379. 'The Popular Song,' F. SMALLFIELD. This is a miniature in oil, finished to a degree of infinite nicety. It contains but one figure, that of a girl, who holds before her a ballad which she is singing.

No. 392. 'A Cottage Door,' A. PROVIS. Also a small picture, remarkable for the most delicate manipulation. We stand within the cottage door, looking outwards on the bright sunshine of a summer's day, amid which stands a girl holding discourse with another within. The result is the utmost force of contrast.

No. 397. * * * * * R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. The subject is a section of a lofty range of mountains, as seen from the lake which washes the base. It is a mountain solitude without sign of life, brought forward with a tone of exaltation amounting to

grauder. The green of the mountain-side is extremely positive, but from the apparent truth of the general detail it must be accepted as true.

No. 399. 'A Summer Evening,' A. GILBERT. This is a small view on the Thames, brought forward with a warm treatment, in perfect accordance with the proposed effect.

No. 403. 'The Woods in Spring,' G. HARVEY. The subject is a forest glade, in which the trees and their leafage are described with masterly feeling.

No. 407. 'Itinerants,' C. ROSSITER. These present themselves as an agroupment of four, three boys and a girl, their instruments being two tin pipes, an accordion, and a triangle. Their sweet music may scare a would-be charitable public, but the irresistible appeal of their faces, with its superior centripetal force, must extract the bawbees from the pockets of the passengers. It is, as usual, powerful in colour.

No. 410. 'Yew Tree, in Lorton Vale, Cumberland,' B. RUDGE. This is the yew which Wordsworth tells us may have supplied weapons to the stalwart bowmen who fought at Agincourt—nay, even at Crecy. The tree is certainly most skilfully painted, but it stands alone, a melancholy spot in the picture, entirely unsupported by any shred of sympathizing shade.

No. 413. 'Ice Cart—Hazy Winter Morning,' G. A. WILLIAMS. Of all the winter subjects painted by this artist, this is by far the most intense. There is no tricky execution to amuse the eye; it is a freezing reality.

INNER ROOM.

No. 427. 'Morning—on the Jersey Coast,' W. E. BATES. The entire section of land and water in this picture presents a low-toned breadth, that contrasts effectively with the sky lighted by the sun, which is rising behind the castle. This simple treatment is so successful as to constitute the picture one of the best we have seen by the artist. Near it is another, 'The Emigrants,' an incident from "David Copperfield," by the same hand.

No. 431. 'The Discovery after the Duel,' M. J. LAWLESS. The discovery is that of the body of the cavalier, who has fallen in mortal strife with a rival in the affections of the lady who is now bending over the dead man: the scene of the incident seems to be the roof of Haddon Hall.

No. 434. 'The Morning after the Gale,' J. E. MEADOWS. We see here a transport which has been cast ashore on a rocky coast; the sea is yet rolling heavily in, and the incident is accompanied by all the probable circumstances of such an event.

No. 439. 'A Summer Day—Hoylake, Cheshire,' H. WILLIAMS. The subject is a flat expanse of sandy shore at low water, in the management of which the distances are skilfully aided by the sunny haze that pervades the locality.

No. 463. 'La Creux Harbour, Island of Sark,' painted on the spot by J. G. NAISH. The principle on which this work has been painted seems to be to show how far execution can supply the place of picturesque quality. The drawing of the rocks, of the jetty which forms the harbour, and the sprinkling of shingle on the shore, is as minute and circumstantial as photography; but the most unfortunate element of the composition is the water, of uncompromising green, and this, without grey, direct or allusive, is an unmanageable anomaly.

No. 466. 'River Conway,' F. W. HULME. Whether flowing between low or high banks, the scenery of this river is always attractive. The stream divides the composition in the centre, the left bank rising into bluffs in the middle distance. The aspect is reduced to the tone of a clouded summer day.

No. 474. 'Leading Hay near Winchelsea, Sussex,' A. W. WILLIAMS. The simplicity, substance, and concentrated power of this work constitute it one of the best of the productions of its author. The scene is a breadth of hay-meadow, sloping gently upwards to the left, with the mown hay running in lines into the composition. A laden hay-cart is ready to be drawn off, and the oxen are being yoked. In comparison with those that have preceded it, this picture is characterised by a valuable and salutary difference.

No. 482. 'Coming from the Farm,' N. O. LUPTON. The wayfarer is a little girl, and she approaches us by a bowery path through a wood:

the thin drooping sprays of elm, with their sparse leaves individually painted, form the best feature of the picture.

No. 506. 'Cottage Interior,' A. PROVIS. If this, in all its parts, be a veritable habitation, it is more valuable in a picture than in the reality; hence it will be appropriated as subject-matter by every artist who might see it. It has much of the excellent feeling with which the painter qualifies his works.

No. 507. 'Night,' J. E. COLLINS. This is a profile-study of a female head and bust, relieved by a dark sky. The features are painted with solidity, but the face and shoulders should not have been identical in colour.

No. 508. 'A Sprig of Plums,' H. CHAPLIN. Portions of the little picture are studiously worked, but the bloom on the fruit does not look as if likely to be swept off by a bee's wing.

No. 522. 'An Easy Conscience,' J. HAYLLAR. This is a study of a child's head, on which is a chaplet of hawthorn flowers. Pretty and childish, but it would have told with much greater force relieved by a dark background.

No. 529. 'Grouse on the Wing,' D'ARCY BACON. These birds appear to be represented as at the end of their flight, and about to drop just beyond the shoulder of the mountain over which they are flying. The grouse are definite enough, and the composition is wild in character, but it might have been a little wilder in its tones.

No. 531. 'The Light of the Cross,' Dr. COLLINS. We turn to Revelation for the interpretation of this mystic composition; but it would have been well if the painter had assisted the spectator by giving the direct source of his inspiration. It is a large work, in the upper part of which the cross appears, diffusing a dazzling effulgence around it; in the lower part crawls the serpent, the last inhabitant of the world, the human race having disappeared. There is some good painting in the picture, but mysticism in Art is always unsatisfactory.

On the screens in the third room are distributed some works of merit, as—

No. 543. 'Cadson Forest in June,' A. FRASER. In this picture the shaded passages of the leafage are somewhat heavy, from being painted with colour too opaque. The dispositions are effective, but they would have been yet more so had the ground lights been of a higher tone.

No. 546. 'A Summer's Eve at Sonning,' E. C. WILLIAMS. The subdued and tranquil feeling in this work is most agreeable; the time is sunset, merging into twilight.

No. 549. 'Lane near Frankley, Worcestershire,' P. DEAKIN. The subject is simply a piece of rough bottom shut in by trees, painted with some success.

No. 552. 'The Bird's Nest,' W. S. ROSE. A small picture, pleasantly coloured as to the lower passages; but the trees are of a weird green, exceptional in nature.

No. 566. 'Toothache in the Middle Ages,' H. S. MARKS. The sufferer wears the hood and camail of the fourteenth century; he holds a handkerchief to his face, and rocking himself on a low stool, thus appeals to your sympathies. It is a small picture, powerful in colour.

No. 569. 'Gillse and Trout,' H. L. ROLFE. The fish painted by this artist continually draw forth our unqualified praise; we have again to call attention to the very close imitation of nature in this work.

Besides the works we have noted, there are on these screens, and worthy of mention, flowers by RIMER; a landscape by DEAKIN; 'Pear Blossom,' WORSEY; an interior by PASMORE; 'Cologne,' DE FLEURY, &c.

The number of works exhibited is about the same that has been hung for some years past. It is desirable that the upper parts of the walls should be filled with larger works, but the days of life-sized figures are gone, whereas miniature in oil increases year by year. The quality of the landscape works improves from year to year; a very important feature of the improvement being that desirable diversity of manner and feeling which characterises many schools rather than one. The landscape painters are more constant to these walls than those who paint figures, and some of their productions would be attractive to any exhibition.

OBITUARY.

MR. T. K. HERVEY.*

ANOTHER of the links that connect literature with the Fine Arts has been severed by the death of Mr. T. K. Hervey, the author of some very graceful poetry, the editor for many years of the *Athenæum*, and a frequent contributor to the *Art-Journal*. We have been surprised to have met with no biography of this accomplished writer in the columns of any of our daily or weekly contemporaries, and hasten to remedy the omission, so far as we have it in our power, by recording such particulars of his life as we have been enabled to collect.

Thomas Kibble Hervey was born at Paisley on the 4th of February, 1799, and was brought to Manchester in his fourth year by his father, who settled in that town as a drayalter in 1803. He received the rudiments of his education at a private seminary, whence he was removed in due time to the Free Grammar School of Manchester. After the usual course of study, he was articled to an eminent solicitor in that town, to whose London agents he was afterwards transferred, with the view of obtaining for him a wider professional experience than could have been afforded him in a provincial town. The articled clerk of a metropolitan solicitor, unlike his salaried colleague, is seldom overburdened with work; he does, in fact, pretty much as he pleases, and has often more liberty at his command than is either expedient or wholesome. This was especially the case with young Hervey, who, having a precocious taste for the lighter branches of literature, was little disposed to fatigue himself by a too earnest devotion to the dry details of law; and his friends soon ascertained that although you may bring a horse to the water, to make him drink is a much more difficult operation. Certain it was that his draughts from Blackstone, or Coke upon Lyttelton, were of a thoroughly homeopathic character. So soon as he was supposed to have profited sufficiently by the accustomed term of probation, he was placed with Mr. (afterwards Serjeant) Scriven, in order that he might be inducted into the mysteries of conveyancing and special pleading; of which, however, he imbibed such infinitesimal quantities as seemed by no means likely to avail him for any practical purpose. But he could "pen a stanza" if unable to "draw a plea," and his dexterity in this respect appears to have excited the undisguised admiration of his preceptor, who assured his father that his son's genius was of too high an order to be wasted upon the desert air of a provincial attorney's office; and who recommended, accordingly, that he should be permitted to qualify for the Bar. A suggestion so flattering to the honest pride of an indulgent parent was tolerably secure of acceptance; and the young poet was entered about the year 1818 at Trinity College, Cambridge, which he quitted, after a residence of two years, without taking a degree. The success of a little poem entitled "Australia," which he published in the second year of his collegiate life, and which drew him once more to London, had well-nigh turned his head. It was, indeed, an attempt of no ordinary promise, and if a little too much of an echo of a well-known model, possessed merits of its own which were calculated to create a favourable impression of its author. It seems to have been commenced as a prize poem, but Mr. Hervey's muse having lured him considerably beyond the limits to which collegiate poets are ordinarily restricted, he resolved to work out his idea without reference to his original object, and his poetical honours appear to have fully compensated, in his estimation, for the absence of those to which he ought to have entitled himself at Cambridge. Nor were the praises bestowed upon this first offering of his muse by any means undeserved. It contains passages which, for vigour, melody, and curious felicity of diction, have seldom been distanced by modern writers of the heroic couplet, and are still more rarely to be met with in the *primitivæ* of a young poet. A second edition followed quickly on the first, to which was appended various lyrical effusions of considerable merit. Some of these pieces

have been included in very many volumes of selected poetry, and are thus known to thousands who might have had no opportunity of possessing themselves of the collected writings of their author. "The Convict-Ship" made its first appearance in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1825, and in after years many charming lyrics from Mr. Hervey's pen were published from time to time in that periodical, *The Amulet*, and the *Friendship's Offering*; of which last mentioned annual he was for one year (1826) the editor. Many of his poems display an intimate acquaintance with the best models, and are graceful, melodious, and what is not without significance in these days of stilted nonsense, *intelligible*. We are, indeed, hardly acquainted with an instance in which the first efforts of a youthful poet have been more entirely free from the vices of style and the solecisms of taste which ordinarily characterise such compositions, than the poetical *Juvenilia* of T. K. Hervey.

In 1829 Mr. Hervey published a third edition of his "Australia," and a series of his minor poems (including those which had appeared in the *Annals*), under the title of "The Poetical Sketch-Book;" but a great number of his shorter lyrics remain still unedited. About the same time, he produced a tasteful collection of fugitive poetry under the title of "The English Helicon," and a volume of very graceful poetical illustrations of the *chef-d'œuvres* of some of the most eminent modern English sculptors. This work affords ample evidence of the cultivated taste in matters of Art of its author, and many of his essays in the *Athenæum* and the *Art-Journal*, several years afterwards, may be taken as conclusive proofs of his competency as an Art-critic.

For upwards of twenty years prior to 1854, Mr. Hervey had been an extensive contributor of critical essays to the *Athenæum*, and for the last eight years of that interval he was its sole responsible editor. He was, indeed, the means of raising that publication to an enviable position in the periodical literature of the country; and were any considerable number of his articles to be reprinted in volumes of the ordinary size, they would present evidence of an amount of industry for which few people have hitherto given him credit. It is but fair to his memory to remark that very many of these criticisms are characterised by a correctness of taste and an intimate acquaintance with the literature of his time, which has been exhibited to the same extent in few other contemporary periodicals. The knowledge which long experience, and a love of literature for its own sake, can alone supply, superadded to a sort of intuitive appreciation of what was good, would have rendered him the *beau idéal* of an editor for a literary periodical, had his perseverance and powers of application borne anything like a due relation to his critical taste and judgment. But we must hesitate to condemn a want of energy in the later years of his life, which he might not have had it in his power to control. For a long period antecedent to his decease, he had been afflicted with a chronic asthma, which, under the influence of a cold, would often assume a most alarming character. Although greatly relieved, from time to time, by the skill and zealous attention of his medical friends, its harassing recurrence had a most injurious effect on, not only his bodily health, but on his mental and moral energies. For many months together, at different intervals during the last few years, he has been unable to take rest in a recumbent posture, or to procure even a temporary alleviation from extreme suffering, excepting from remedies which were almost as bad as the disease. During these paroxysms, mental labour was out of the question. Some of his literary acquaintance who can discover an excuse for no shortcomings but their own, had been accustomed to denounce this physical incapacity as wilful negligence or indolence (Coleridge was for many years the victim of a similar reproach); but those who, like ourselves, were acquainted with the physical condition of the man, have been able to assign a more charitable ground for much of his inaction. In the autumn of 1853 his disease assumed a most distressing aspect—one, indeed, which filled everybody about him with dismay, and wholly incapacitated him for any literary labour whatsoever. During that interval a *locum tenens* in the *Athenæum* became indispensable, and one of his friends who had learned from him some portion of his knowledge

of the editorial craft as his assistant, was appointed in that capacity, and towards the end of the year superseded him altogether in his post. Thus struck down by severe illness, and deposed from an employment which so entirely accorded with his tastes, he had to contend with the combined evils of a present incapacity for labour, a denuded purse, and a comparatively hopeless future.

On the partial recovery of his health, Mr. Hervey became a contributor to this Journal, and during the last four years, its pages have been enriched by many admirable papers on various Art topics from his pen. On subjects connected with the Fine Arts, and with Sculpture more especially, his judgment was remarkably sound. Many of his lyrical and descriptive poems were written to commemorate paintings and sculptures by English artists; and no more conclusive evidence could be adduced of the purity and refinement of his critical taste than is to be found in these poetical exertations.

To his prose criticisms on books, it has been objected that they were sometimes too incisive; but his conversation was genial, good humoured, and, we may add, instructive, when the topic afforded him any opportunity of pouring forth the stores with which he could invest it from his extensive, if desultory, reading. We have, indeed, rarely encountered a literary man of the present day, the geniality of whose manner or the charm of whose conversation were more fascinating than his. Although an idler in one sense of the term, he was an indefatigable reader of English and French literature; and in poet-land, there was hardly a spot of ground which seemed capable of yielding him a nugget, however insignificant, into which it had not been his pleasure to penetrate; extracting often from forsaken diggings treasure which had been wholly overlooked by previous investigators.

His scattered poems will, we hope, be collected and published in an integral form; accompanied by such a notice of his life as may render justice to his genius without concealing those failings which would subserve the interests of morality and truth, if set forth as a beacon to his younger successors in literature, would indicate to them the rocks and shoals to which it was his misfortune to be exposed without, on his part, the prudence that might have enabled him to avoid them. That his career was, to a certain extent, a *vie manquée* can scarcely be denied; but those who have experienced the remorse which must sooner or later attend the issue of opportunities unimproved, and talents comparatively unconverted, may readily understand how severely the consequences may have pressed upon him, and how large an amount of atonement may already have been offered for shortcomings which have marred but too often the fame, and alloyed the happiness, of literary men who have possessed every qualification for success, save that defined principle of action and undeviating perseverance in the pursuit of an honest aim, without which no substantial success can be achieved.

The death of Mr. Hervey took place on the 17th of February, 1859; on the 4th of which month he had completed his sixtieth year. Its immediate cause was a recurrence of the chronic disease which had so long oppressed him, arising from the effects of a severe cold. He was married on the 17th of October, 1843, to Miss Eleonora Louisa Montagu (herself a poet of no mean order), who (with their only son, Frederick Robert, born on the 11th of March, 1845) still survives him.

M. FRANÇOIS LÉON BÉNOUVILLE.

The French school of painting has to deplore, in the recent death of M. Benouville, the loss of one of its most promising and popular artists. He was born in Paris in 1821, and studied under M. Picot. His principal works are, "The Christians in the Amphitheatre before their Martyrdom," bought by the French Government; "St. François blessing the Town of Assise," purchased by the Emperor Louis Napoleon; and "The Death of the Disobedient Prophet;" portraits of Queen Hortensia and the Emperor Napoleon, painted for the Minister of State; "The Two Pigeons," the property of M. Benoit Fould; "Raffaello's First Meeting with the Fornarina;" "Poussin on the Banks of the Tiber," and several smaller works now in the *Hôtel de Ville*. In 1855 he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

* We are indebted for this biographical sketch to an intimate friend of the late Mr. Hervey: for the valuable services we derived from his pen, we refer with gratitude to his memory, and are induced to give to the subject greater space than we usually allot to such notices.—Ed. A.-J.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

FROM THE GROUP BY J. MOZIER.

In one of a short series of papers sent to us from Rome, and published in our Journal four or five years since, the writer says, "People at Rome, and in England, have a very mistaken appreciation of the development of Art among the Americans. They are generally supposed to be of too positive and practical a turn of mind, too much engrossed with the stern realities of life, to waste the precious hours in worshipping at the shrine of Art; yet this is a great mistake; whether arising from prejudice or ignorance we cannot say, but, at all events, it is utterly false. The American School of Art, as developed at Rome, evinces both excellence, earnestness, and true feeling for Art; it is a school of promise, bidding fair to take its place and hold its head aloft in the great artistic republic. Consistently carrying out their national views, or, rather, more profoundly speaking, founding their impressions on the same broad basis on which rest their religious and political creeds, the American artists are essentially eclectic. Untrammelled by the dogmatism of any particular school, ranging at pleasure through the accumulated treasures of bygone centuries, spread before them in the wondrous galleries of Italy, they faithfully and earnestly propose to imitate all that is beautiful, without considering whence it comes, or whither it may lead them. They surrender up their souls to the guidance of their artistic conscience, and, like true republicans, refuse to bow down before any graven images of conventional tyranny. The gods of Greece are to them no gods at all, unless they lead them towards an ideal heaven, where their imagination may revel in contemplation of unalloyed natural beauty. There is something grand and elevating, as well as fresh and enthusiastic, in this simple worship of Art for its own sake, contradistinguished to the dogmatic subjection of prescribed rules enforced by antagonistic schools."

Mozier, the sculptor of the group here engraved, is one of those American artists referred to in the foregoing observations; he is a gentleman of independent property, who follows Art more from love of it than as a profession, and who has taken up his residence in Rome to avail himself of all those facilities for study and practice which this renowned Art-city affords. The "Prodigal Son" belongs to the naturalistic school of Art, which the sculptor has evidently followed, rather than the examples left us by the great Greek sculptors and their immediate successors; there is no attempt to idealize or give a poetical version of the subject; it is simply an aged Eastern man embracing a youth, whose somewhat attenuated form and ill-clothed limbs are signs of want and misery; but the group is presented with a feeling of genuine pathos which is most striking: the faces of the two figures are highly expressive; that of the father, is loving, yet worn with sorrow; the erring son's is confiding and little else; the remembrance of the past must be too deeply engraven on the memory to admit of any combination of joyous feeling.

We have said this group is of the naturalistic school, the remark appears to be borne out as much by the attitude of the young man as by any other part of the composition; this is simply *natural*, produced by the act of embracing, but it is not graceful, the lines flow inelegantly, a fault that could not possibly be avoided, circumstanced as the figure is. If the sculptor had studied Art, rather than nature he would have adopted a less constrained and formal attitude, yet, perhaps, it would have been one which told the story far less effectually than that he has adopted. The upper part of the group is very beautiful, and *sculpturequely* rich.

One of the most remarkable works executed by Mozier is a statue of Pocahontas, the daughter of an Indian king who ruled over Virginia at the time when the English first settled there. She was married to a Captain Smith, one of the settlers, who had been taken prisoner by her father, and condemned to death, but at the intercession of the young Indian girl, who offered her life for his, he was pardoned. Smith converted her to Christianity, and brought her to England, where she died. Mozier has represented her meditating upon the cross, the symbol of her new faith; those who have seen the statue speak of it in very high terms.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE public is at length informed as to what course the Government mean to pursue in reference to the Royal Academy—for good or ill, the matter is at all events settled; the National Gallery will be exclusively used for exhibiting the national pictures, and the Academy will receive from the country a set off for the advantages of which it has been considered expedient to deprive them—that set off being a piece of ground situate in Piccadilly, and now occupied by Burlington House.

We are, and have ever been, among those who maintain that the Royal Academy had a moral, if not a clearly legal, right to their holding in Trafalgar Square. To have sent that body adrift without compensation would have been to commit an act not only indefensible but dishonourable: the country was bound by an implied if not an actual contract; and although some unthinking or prejudiced persons in the House of Commons have desired to ignore it altogether, we rejoice that neither the dignity of the Crown nor of Parliament is likely to be compromised, but that the Academy will receive to the full an amount of liberal justice, which equity as well as policy demands for them.

For ourselves (and we represent the views of many), we should have been better pleased to learn that the whole of the ungainly structure in Trafalgar Square had been left to the Royal Academy, while the country had erected a Palace of Art at South Kensington, that would be what the present National Gallery never can be—worthy of the Nation. A time will come when England will lament to have lost a chance that can never again offer. Much, however, may be done with the large space the Government may allocate in Trafalgar Square, by removing the barrack to more fitting quarters, and also St. Martin's Workhouse—entirely out of place—taking in, indeed, the whole of the ground that intervenes between the present front of the National Gallery and Leicester Square, and erecting an entirely new building on the site.

We are not now called upon to consider this matter: our present business is with the Royal Academy alone. That body has found an able and eloquent advocate in Lord Lyndhurst. They have been singularly fortunate. At an age that few men reach, and in the possession of faculties on which time seems to have had no prejudicial influence, this venerable peer rises in the Upper House to explain and to excuse, to defend and to enlighten, to destroy much of prejudice, to give evidence of great good, to prove strong claims upon public sympathy, to supply conclusive proofs of public service—in a word, to show that the "CLAIMS" of the Royal Academy upon national support are large and many, and that they have continued—increasing year by year—since the time when George III. gave them his patronage, and a few poor chambers, needed for no other purpose, in Somerset House. There can be no doubt that Lord Lyndhurst proved his case,—but it is quite clear, to those who heard him, and to those who have read his speech, that he treated his case as an advocate, and not as a judge. All that was in his brief he stated with consummate skill; and if the issue had rested with "twelve good men and true," he would have obtained damages to any amount he had asked for—£70,000 worth of land in Piccadilly, or as much more as they were "laid at."

Fortunately, however, the matter is not to be settled quite so easily. Lord Derby, on his part, protests against granting the "too much" that has been asked; and Lord Montague steps forward to interpose—shrewdly, and with a long look forward—his counsel of prudence before that is done which cannot be undone.

If we are to render justice to the Royal Academy, justice is due also to the public. Fully admitting, and readily conceding as a *right*, the demands of the Academy to the full value of their holding in Trafalgar Square, it is neither reasonable nor just that they should receive a value much beyond it, especially as they resolutely and perseveringly determine that, wherever they may be, however they are considered, and whatever is to be their compensation, they will permit no interference, no guardianship, no surveillance, either of the public or the Parliament—responsible in no degree to the Legislature,

caring nothing for public opinion, amenable hereafter, as they have been heretofore, only to the Crown—the Crown being now, as ever, merely a nominal—or, if it sound better, an honorary—control over their proceedings, and of which they are, to all intents and purposes, as really and practically free as any other society self-elected, self-constituted, and answerable for themselves only to themselves.

It was in the brief which Lord Lyndhurst held, that, while other Art-institutions in every state of Europe were upheld and maintained out of the public purse, the Royal Academy of England was in no way a tax on the nation, sustaining itself solely by its own exertions, and deriving its funds exclusively from public exhibitions, instituted and conducted by its members. It was in his Lordship's brief also that the Academy supported schools, pensioned decayed brethren, relieved suffering professors, and did many other good things, which it was in reality the duty of the country to do. But it was *not* in his Lordship's brief to state the case on "the other side;" that is yet to be done. And of a surety it will be done in the House of Commons, if not in the House of Peers, when the shortcomings of the Royal Academy—its sins of omission, if not of commission—may receive illustration and explanation also.

It will be matter of deep regret if the country loses, once and for ever, all chance of exercising a salutary control over the Royal Academy; if it require no change of any kind in its laws, no alteration whatever in the system by which it is omnipotent over the destinies of artists, and almost over those of Art, in England.

Lord Lyndhurst is a very aged gentleman—a man of large mind and of singular ability; but time lessens much a desire for "experimenting," and to those who have lived long there is always an apparent peril in change: we appeal therefore from his authority to that of men who believe that what was wise and fitting to an institution in the year 1780 can be neither wise or fitting for that institution in 1859.

It is probable that the Royal Academy, which repudiates all interference with its privileges or principles on the part of Parliament, and distinctly intimates that it will receive no public grant that is trammelled with a right of public inquiry, will itself set about the work of reform. We know, indeed, that among its members are several enlightened men who see, and have long seen, the necessity of so altering their constitution that it shall be commensurate with the advancing spirit of the age—that where all is progress they dare not stand still; indeed, already there are rumours afloat which induce a belief that regulations adhered to with a pertinacity absolutely marvellous for nearly a century will be forthwith abrogated, and that the Royal Academy will anticipate all the public might do by doing all the public could desire to have done. This is indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished. We know too much of commissions, and have too wholesome a dread of blue books, not to feel that much danger might be the result of "pressure from without,"—but that would be a less evil than a warrant to the Royal Academy to continue for the next half century the plan and policy on which it has existed during the last eighty years, and by which it has been placed perpetually in a position of hostility, if not to Art, certainly to the public.

As this subject will be, ere long, again canvassed in the House of Commons, and as we shall then be better able to consider it in all its bearings, it is unnecessary to give to it at present larger space. We shall probably soon know also what concessions the Royal Academy design to make, for although they may concede nothing to coercion—nothing as matter of bargain—there can be no doubt that in a short time information will be conveyed in some way or other to the public that certain changes in the character and constitution of the Royal Academy will bear date from the day on which they enter on their new possessions, and are no longer, as they have either been or been thought to be for nearly a century, at the mercy of a caprice.

The other claimants for "ground,"—whose demands will be undoubtedly considered, and, we presume, admitted—such as the "Water-Colour Societies," &c., &c., we shall have to notice in due course.



THE PRODIGAL SON.

FROM THE GROUP BY I. MOZIER.

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THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

THE Architectural Exhibition has undergone two changes of considerable importance since we last invited attention to it in our columns. It has established itself in a new locality, and it appears at a different season of the year. Instead of seeking, as heretofore, a temporary resting-place in the galleries of the "British Artists," in Suffolk Street, it now has a home permanently its own in Conduit Street, under the roof of the Architectural Union Company; and it has taken its place amongst the spring exhibitions of the London season in preference to a companionship with the pictures in the French Gallery as a winter exhibition. In both of these matters the Architectural Exhibition most decidedly gains by the altered arrangements.

The collections that are now open to the public in Conduit Street will be found to pronounce a very emphatic opinion upon the much-vexed question of style in the architecture of the day. So completely has the *set* of the architectural mind (so far as it is apparent from this exhibition) been in the direction of Gothic art, that drawings in other styles here appear almost in the character of exceptions to a general rule. More than a little, indeed, of the Gothic is singular enough, and a still larger proportion of it as far as may be from being either satisfactory or promising; yet all this must be entitled Gothic, or at any rate, Gothic it was intended to be, and it certainly cannot be assigned to anything else. But then there are some drawings that worthily vindicate the honour of the style, while they no less clearly express the divided feeling which prevents a cordial union amongst the ablest of its adherents. Mr. G. G. Scott, in addition to some minor subjects, exhibits his very judicious and effective design for the restoration of St. Cuthbert's Tower, Durham Cathedral. Mr. Street, in the little that he vouchsafes to place before us, is as clever and as medieval as ever—if possible, even more medieval, and therefore more retrogressive than is his wont. Mr. Aashpittel gives us a somewhat striking design for what he terms "a restoration of St. Margaret's, Westminster." The restored church would approximate in style, as closely as in its present condition it does in site, to the Chapel of Henry VII., and it would supply the central deficiency of the Abbey with a very lofty spire after the Fribourg type. Mr. J. K. Colling has several drawings of great beauty and interest. Those that represent his admirable new church, now erecting, for Mr. R. C. Naylor, in Hooton Park, Cheshire, are amongst the very best in the collection, as the edifice itself is evidently a work of the highest order of architectural excellence. It is constructed of red and white sandstone, with polished red granite columns to nave and chancel, entrance doors, and porches. Mr. Colling's two drawings of parts of West Walton Church, Norfolk, recall vividly to our remembrance one of the most remarkable edifices that the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries produced in England. Mr. G. Truefitt, in his designs, is clever and original, as usual, and his drawings are executed with his customary ability. Mr. J. R. Withers has a group of agreeable drawings, architecturally good, of churches in Hertfordshire and Essex, showing new works projected or which have been completed. Mr. Goldie, Mr. T. A. Lewis, Mr. A. M. Dunn, Mr. J. H. Browne, Mr. A. Billing, and Mr. J. Clarke, exhibit meritorious designs for new churches. There are several designs for schools, and others for villas, mansions, and their lodges, which justly claim commendation, without evincing any very decided originality of either conception or treatment. The best (and we are compelled thus concisely to group them together) are by Messrs. C. F. Hayward, W. Lightley, J. Blake, W. G. Habershon, G. R. Clarke, J. Norton, E. Roberts, J. Mackland, R. J. Withers, S. S. Tenlon, J. James, E. Ellis, D. Brandon, R. Heskeith, and C. Gray. Mr. J. D. Wyatt exhibits a clever and effective drawing of Pippbrook House, near Dorking; and Mr. J. B. Phelp a photograph from the column executed by him with great ability as a memorial of the late Sir C. Hotham. Both of these works are from designs by Mr. G. G. Scott. Mr. W. Burges does not exhibit anything architectural; but he shows

his intense medievalism in a group of furniture such as Piers Gaveston might have ordered, had his London residence been in St. James's Square. Of buildings not in any sense or degree Gothic, Mr. D. Burton's "United Service Club, Pall Mall," is the *facile princeps*. We do not consider it to be necessary to specify any works that we should have supposed their authors would have been anxious *not* to have exhibited; but we cannot refrain from expressing our regret at finding in the collections such productions as occupy the greater part of the screen in the east gallery.

The almost supercilious neglect with which it is treated by so many architects, has evidently awakened in the minds of some of their professional brethren the idea that they may advantageously convert the Architectural Exhibition into a species of school for the display of architectural drawings. "Sketches," both at home and abroad, accordingly, abound; and many of them—particularly those by Mr. Street, Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. F. P. Cockerell, Mr. Christopher, and Mr. Graham—are excellent productions of their class. They are also peculiarly valuable in these photographic days, since they demonstrate the fact that studios and elaborate architectural drawing from old edifices has not been altogether superseded by instantaneous sun-pictures.

From what has been said, it will have been inferred that in such original works as display the higher grades of architectural genius, this exhibition is signally deficient. Mr. Owen Jones, indeed, with his *Muswell Hill* romance, almost engrosses this department to himself. His large drawings and careful plans for the proposed new Crystal Palace in northern London, have been executed by him with the utmost freedom and effectiveness; and they declare, in a most impressive manner, the rich fertility of his artistic resources. So attractive are they, in fact, that it is almost impossible for any one (not practically interested in the existing Sydenham Institution) to withhold the wish that Mr. Jones were a veritable Aladdin, endowed with full powers to realize a vision well worthy to take rank with the fairest fancies of the Oriental enchanter. With Mr. Owen Jones's drawings, we are tempted to place in contrast another design, without any enchantment whatever about it, and for an edifice of a very different character: this is Mr. Pennethorne's version of the new Government Offices, with the actual erection of which it is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Pennethorne will have nothing to do. A duller, less artistic, less inviting edifice it would indeed be difficult to produce.

The small drawings of stained glass, with the cartoons of full size, are not many in number; but amongst them there are works of a very high character. The designs for stained glass exhibited by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, Lavers and Barrand, and Hardman and Powell, show with what ease these three great establishments maintain their position at the head of their profession.

A small court has been fitted up by Messrs. Cox and Son with ecclesiastical plate and embroideries, and with the productions of the patent wood-carving works, now their exclusive property. Here are specimens of the carving processes in every stage and condition, all of them deserving thoughtful attention. We propose very shortly to consider in detail the capabilities and the great value of the patent machinery that the Messrs. Cox are employing with such beneficial effect in the execution of every variety and class of carvings in wood.

Messrs. Hardman exhibit a case of works in various metals, chiefly of an ecclesiastical character, in every respect worthy of their reputation; but Messrs. Hart are not represented, neither are there any contributions from Coventry. Messrs. Johnston, of London, however, are exhibitors of works of this class. The other collections of architectural accessories comprise numerous and admirable specimens of the tiles of Messrs. Minton, Messrs. Maw, and others; of carvings in that beautiful material, serpentine; with Hobbs' and Pugh's locks and keys, Botten's and Howard's valves, Thumble's paper-hangings, Kershaw's imitative woods, parquetry, and various bricks and other similar productions. Messrs. Thumble's paper-hangings are singularly meritorious in design as well as in quality; but no fresh designs appear to have been introduced by the serpentine companies.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—At a recent meeting of this society, held for the purpose of electing new members, the occasion passed without an election. The candidates were twenty-eight in number, and the common inference is that none of these were worthy of election; yet among the aspirants there were mentioned before the day of election, names of established reputation, on which a slur is cast by rejection. Yet if, individually, the members of the society were appealed to, a large majority would pronounce each of the two or three most favourably-known candidates fully eligible, on the score of accomplishment in their art, to the distinction of nomination, and hence the inevitable conclusion that such a resolution must have been effected by some interested diversion. The number of members in this society is not limited—their election is annual, and hitherto their straightforward policy has ever been the recognition of merit. Their law requires two-thirds of the votes to establish election—and this is liberal, when it is remembered that in some bodies one black ball in ten excludes. We revert with pleasure to the antecedents of the Old Water-Colour—none of our Art-bodies have sustained themselves during their long and brilliant career less questionably than this society: they have occupied for a long series of years a distinguished place in public estimation, which it would now be most unwise to damage. They are amenable to no outside tribunal—their business is within their own nutshell; yet they are what is called a "public body," and hence should public opinion be an item in their consideration.*

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—An important collection, lent by Matthew Uzielli, Esq., of antique and other engraved gems and cameos, is now to be seen in the Museum, South Kensington. It comprises nearly 500 specimens, many of great excellence and value, including upwards of 350 of those recently dispersed at the sale of the Hertz collection. There are examples of the best periods of Greek and Græco-Roman work; also some of the Cinque-cento, in settings of the time. The reception "on loan" of fine works of Art from private persons, who are willing to give the public some benefit from their collections, is a characteristic of the Museum of Art at South Kensington.

THE SHEEPSHANKS GALLERY.—The *Critic* starts a suggestion that application should be made to Mr. Sheepshanks to rescind that stipulation, in his munificent deed of gift to the nation, which limits the exhibition of his pictures to a building at West Brompton. Steps should certainly be taken to accomplish so desirable an object. When the arrangement was made, no doubt Mr. Sheepshanks believed, either that the British Art-palace would be at South Kensington, or that a very long period would elapse before space was obtained in Trafalgar Square. The case is now entirely altered; it would be a calamity to separate the Sheepshanks gift from the gifts of Vernon and Turner. The National Gallery, be it where it may, will surely be the fitting place for collecting and exhibiting these evidences of British genius and British patriotism: to separate them would be a serious evil.

THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL, to be placed at the bottom of Waterloo Place, is progressing; the design, as our readers have already been told, is by Mr. John Bell, who has modelled one of the figures which are introduced into the composition, and sent it off to the foundry of Messrs. Elkington, at Birmingham, who have undertaken to cast all the bronze work: the artistic execution, by them, of Mr. Foley's statue of Lord Hardinge, shows their capabilities for the performance of work of this kind. The metal to be used for the "Guards' Memorial" is that of a quantity of brass guns captured at Sebastopol, which are now being broken up at Woolwich for the purpose.

* Since the above was written, we understand that a meeting of the Society has been held, at which, among other resolutions passed, was one stating that if more space was at its command, they would gladly open their gallery to artists who are not members; and it was also resolved to memorialize the Lords of the Treasury for apartments in the intended building on the site of Burlington Gardens, Lord St. Leonards, in his place in parliament, brought the latter subject to the notice of the Government: a similar step has been taken by the New Water Colour Society.

BRITISH PICTURES IN PARIS.—There is much speculation in the Art-world as to results that will follow the invitation to contribute pictures to the exhibition in Paris; it would seem there is a probability of their being such as will do credit to our country; for no fewer than thirty artists, at the head of whom is Sir Charles Eastlake, express a wish that the arrangement may be conducted by M. E. Gambart, who has their "full confidence." M. Gambart has large experience, and is a gentleman of integrity, as well as ability, and, if he be encouraged to set himself heartily to the task, we cannot doubt his success. The artists acting with him will be enabled to borrow from "proprietors" such paintings as may favourably exhibit our school, and uphold the reputation it has already obtained in France. We trust M. Gambart will exercise stern resolution in rejecting, as well as in selecting, for a few bad works would more than counterbalance the effect of many good. Better few or none, than a number of "mediocrities."

PANORAMA OF CANTON.—Mr. Burford has recently added to the other panoramic attractions at Leicester Square a view of the city of Canton, as it appeared after the bombardment and assault of the allied English and French troops, in December, 1857. The picture is painted from photographs taken by the officers of the Royal Engineers, for military purposes, and lent to the artist by General Peel and General Sir J. F. Burgoyne. The view is taken from a spot now known as Captain Mann's Battery, a newly-erected work on one of the highest points on the northern side of the city, within the walls. It consequently embraces the whole of both the old and new towns, the east and west suburbs, the river, with the island of Honan in the distance, and, towards the north, a considerable extent of country, bounded by a picturesque range of lofty mountains, called the "White Cloud Mountains." This point of view must be best for showing the extent of the city, and the surrounding scenery, but it leaves the spectator with a very unfavourable impression of the architectural beauties of Canton, if it really has any. As far as the eye reaches, the ground is covered with a dense mass of low houses, looking more like ranges of cowsheds than human habitations. They are all built with sloping roofs, and have only ground floors; there are no chimneys or apertures for getting rid of smoke; the doorways are low, and the windows few and small; in fact, the whole aspect of the place is wretched and miserable. Towards the river, which, in the picture, is far in the distance, there are signs of a better class of houses, while, here and there, the tower of a pagoda rises up. Looking to the left, and a little behind, as the spectator stands with his face to the city, the country is most picturesque, it seems well wooded, and the paddy fields, or rice grounds, give to it the appearance of being carefully cultivated. There are many interesting localities introduced into this portion of the panorama which we have not space to point out. We can only recommend our readers to pay a visit to the picture, which is painted with Mr. Burford's accustomed care and artistic knowledge. He has not here availed himself of the usual means of enriching his work by groups of figures or other similar recognised privileges of a painter, and he has adopted throughout rather a low tone of colour. The picture looks a transcript of nature—of a place nearly deserted, save by those whose valour has given them possession of it. A few soldiers of the allied armies are almost the only living beings to be seen about.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON.—A monument is to be erected in St. Paul's to this excellent prelate, a sum of £1200 being at the disposal of a committee for the purpose. They have issued invitations to compete to no fewer than eighteen artists; the cost of the competition, divided between the eighteen, will, therefore, amount to the sum that one of the eighteen will receive, and the committee, we humbly think, might have limited their application to half a dozen, with quite as much probability of a satisfactory result. The list contains two painters, Mr. Dyce and Mr. Richmond, both admirable artists, and men of unquestionable ability, but they are no more sculptors than Messrs. Foley and McDowell are painters; if these two were asked to compete with Messrs. Dyce and Richmond in decorating the walls of the House of Lords, we imagine they would receive the application as either a "hoax"

or an insult. We cannot doubt, that in such a spirit Messrs. Dyce and Richmond protested against a requisition to compete with Messrs. Foley and McDowell, in designing and executing a recumbent figure to constitute a monument to the memory of Dr. Blomfield. We can only suppose that, in the confusion incident to examining a Royal Academy catalogue, the committee supposed Messrs. Dyce and Richmond to be sculptors, and not painters, and that they did not discover their mistake until the two painters informed them of it. If it be not "a mistake," it is about as gross an error as the history of Art records; but we are now so accustomed to "blunders" concerning competitions that we can scarcely marvel at any absurdity or injustice connected with them.

LANGHAM CHAMBERS.—The first of the annual series of exhibition meetings was held in the Langham School on the evening of the 26th of February—the contributors being Duncan, W. Hunt, Smallfield, Higgins, Pidgeon, Fitzgerald, Calderon, G. L. Hall, J. H. Mole, E. Hughes, Marks, Pearson, Hixon, C. J. Lewis, &c. The oil pictures sent here are generally recently executed, and intended for the public exhibitions.

THE HERTZ COLLECTION.—This very extensive collection of classic antiquities, formed after many years by Mr. Hertz, and sold by him to Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, was again scattered during the last month in a sale that occupied sixteen days. The collection attracted much attention when exhibited last at Manchester, and its value was estimated in its collective form: the sale has shown that this was just, for though large or fair prices have generally been secured for the whole of the 3,137 lots, a loss has resulted on the total. The collection was purchased for £12,000—the sale has realized £10,011. Some few lots have been reserved; but if set against the auction expenses, it will still make the difference of about £2,000. The larger quantity of articles comprising the collection consisted of gems, set as rings, in cameo and intaglio. It was thought that so large a number at once brought to sale would produce low prices; but they all sold better than they usually do at sales; and some few fetched extraordinary prices. Thus, a ring, with an intaglio of Apollo, less than two inches in height, sold for £90. The general run of prices was from £15 to £20 for fine rings; but a large number sold from £2 to £5. The statistics of the sale have some interest for collectors, and it tends to show that even fine Greek and Etruscan vases will fetch prices much beneath rings and jewels. The British Museum very properly made some cheap purchases of really remarkable works. Thus they obtained, for £26, the beautiful Greek vase engraved by Lenormant, having a draped Victory painted upon it; and, for £34, the well-known metal mirror found at Chiusi in 1826, and which has been engraved in three of the best works devoted to ancient glyptic art. The largest prices have been paid for articles which scarcely should have been catalogued with classic works: a set of bronze Buddhist deities sold for £225, and a pair of horrible human skulls, inlaid with coloured stones, the work of the old Mexicans, sold for £30 and £40 each. Collectors therefore evidently look to rarity, rather than beauty, in their purchases. Such of the public as care to study some of the finest of the gems from this collection may now have a good opportunity of doing so at the South Kensington Museum, as stated above.

HERR CARL WERNER.—This gentleman will open his studio, with an exhibition of his works, early in the present month; and, at the same time, he will be prepared to receive his pupils in his classes for the study and practice of drawing in water colours.

PHOTOGRAPHIC DISSOLVING VIEWS.—Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, the photographers to the Crystal Palace Company, have adapted transparent photographs on glass to the dissolving view apparatus with which Mr. Pepper illustrates his lectures. The pictures thus obtained are very effective, and they give quite a new, as well as a more elevated, artistic character to this favourite exhibition.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.—Mr. Stevens is busy preparing the work committed to his charge, and we understand it will be ere long shown to "a select few." There is still, however, a degree of mystery, not calculated to allay suspicion, pervading

the affair; and, if rumour were to be credited, the public might be alarmed as to the form which, after all, this "monument" may yet take; at present it would be equally unwise and unfair to notice the various "whispers" that reach professional ears.

DAVID COX.—There is, we believe, some intention to have an exhibition in London, during the season, of the works of this admirable landscape painter, whose water-colour pictures, especially, are among the finest of our school, for originality, truth, and beauty. His small drawings, of a few years since, are veritable gems; while there is a grandeur and a poetical feeling in his large works which few landscape artists have ever reached, and none have surpassed. We anticipate a treat in renewing our acquaintance with many old pictorial friends which still live pleasantly in our memory, while we are sure the exhibition will be hailed with delight by every lover of genuine art.

THE NELSON COLUMN.—Since our last number was at press this matter has once more been mooted in the House of Commons, Mr. Laurie having inquired of Lord John Manners when the lions were expected to be "placed in position," and why the execution of them was entrusted to Sir E. Landseer instead of Mr. Lough, the sculptor originally appointed by the committee. His lordship replied that Sir Edwin was at present engaged in modelling the animals, which, it was expected, would be in their places at no distant day, and that the Government had selected him for the task because they considered him the most competent to undertake it.

SEDGFIELD'S STEREOGRAPHS OF ENGLISH AND WELSH SCENERY.—We have examined a very large collection of stereographs produced by Mr. Sedgfield, who, we understand, holds a prominent rank in this "branch of Art." An important branch it has become, considered even commercially; but it is also an essential element in education, opening up many new sources of delight, while adding materially to our power of deriving instruction from the great book of nature. If these examples be, as they certainly are, "cheap," they are "good;" as good, perhaps, as any that have been submitted to purchasers. We have here delicious scenery—"bits" from the lakes, and charming passages from the river-banks in Wales, and old abbeys—Battle, Tintern, and Netley; cathedrals—Bristol, Salisbury, Exeter, Wells, York, Canterbury, Winchester; venerable ruins—Kenilworth, Raglan, Pevensey, and Hurstmonceux; in short, a series of interesting British views, to the number of nearly a thousand, every one of which is of value to the antiquary, the lover of Art, or both. The publisher of these stereographs—Mr. Bennet—has produced a new stereoscope especially designed for their use, but applicable also to any other views. It is very simple in construction, being open at the sides, so as to obtain the largest available quantity of light. The focus is easily obtained, and altogether it is convenient as well as elegant in construction and design.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.—Mr. Wass informs us that this exhibition is closed for a month, in order that it may be re-opened on the 1st of May; and the directors desire publicity to their earnest wish to render this division of the Crystal Palace largely beneficial to artists. Many sales have been effected during the past year; as a source of enjoyment and an element of instruction, there is nothing in the great edifice that renders so much public service. The gallery is always crowded; and it is certain that knowledge concerning Art is by this means generally and usefully spreading. It is, therefore, most desirable that the collection should consist only of works of excellence. We know how impossible it is to gather together anywhere a thousand pictures all "first-rate;" but it is the duty as well as the interest of the directors to keep that object continually in view. And in their superintendent, Mr. Wass, they have an able and experienced auxiliary, who has done, and is doing, "his best." Some additional help from collectors who are disposed to "lend," in order to gratify and teach the many, with a little more consideration on the part of artists to benefit themselves and the institution, will render this exhibition—what it is so well calculated to be—one of the most meritorious and popular of all the picture exhibitions of the metropolis.

Mr. Potts of Birmingham is exhibiting, at 56, Lincoln's Inn Fields, various of his combinations of metal with marble—Art metal-work—adapted principally to mantel-pieces, but applied also to various architectural purposes. It is some time since we directed attention to this novel and very valuable branch of Art; but on more than one occasion we have described its peculiarity and its merit. Mr. Potts has been many years labouring to bring it to such a state as may render it available for practical purposes, and he has succeeded. Many of the reliefs in bronze or in metal *doré* are admirable specimens of pure and high Art, that may certainly rival in design, as well as in execution, the best of those which have been produced, for purposes akin to these, in France. As we shall ere long treat this subject at some length, we for the present content ourselves with such notice as may direct to it the thoughts of architects, artists, and amateurs.

MONUMENTAL EFFIGY OF QUEEN KATHERINE PARR.—This work, now nearly completed by Mr. J. B. Philip, is in white marble, and is designed to be placed in Sudely Castle by Mr. J. C. Dent, its present proprietor. The original monument of the queen, who was so fortunate as to survive Henry VIII., was destroyed when many similar memorials fell victims to the wild zeal of iconoclasts. Mr. Philip has studied his figure from the best portraits of Katherine Parr, and his treatment of it realizes all the purer sentiment of medieval effigies; and, at the same time, he has clearly shown that his work belongs, not to the middle either of the fourteenth century or of the sixteenth, but of this present nineteenth century. Mr. Philip is also completing a monumental memorial, of unusual artistic importance, to the late Dr. Mill, which is destined to take its place amongst the fine early monuments in Ely Cathedral; and the new work will be found a worthy associate for the early ones. Mr. G. G. Scott's monument to the late Duchess of Gloucester, and his Crimean Memorial which is to appear near the western front of Westminster Abbey, we propose to notice with care when they shall have been completed: both are in course of execution by Mr. Philip. This artist's studio is also occupied with many highly interesting works of architectural sculpture, the most important of which are four statues of the Evangelists of colossal size, to be placed at a height of about fifty feet in the tower of St. Michael's Church, Cornhill. Having devoted himself to architectural and monumental sculpture, Mr. Philip is gradually developing the principles which guided the late lamented Geerts, of Louvain, in the production of his exquisitely beautiful works. In their style of art, accordingly, the productions of Mr. Philip are essentially and emphatically Gothic; and they, therefore, provide a practical reply for any inquiries into what the Gothic of our own day desires to do, and is able to do, in its application of the greatest of the arts that are in alliance with architecture.

THE CELEBRATED STATE-BED FROM STOWE.—We understand this magnificent and valuable bed, which was designed and executed by Signor Borra in 1737, and during 108 years formed the resting-place of the many royal personages who visited Stowe, including her present Majesty and the Prince Consort, is now exhibited in London for the first time at the picture gallery of Mr. Walesby, in Waterloo Place.

THE SPURGEON TABERNACLE.—The second premium of £30 has been awarded by the committee to Mr. W. W. Pocock, of Knightsbridge, for his design, bearing the motto "Metropolitan." It is presumed that, as matter of course, Mr. Pocock will be entrusted with the erection of the edifice.

FLAXMAN'S WORKS.—The condition of Flaxman's casts in University College is by no means creditable to the authorities. They are loaded with dust, inasmuch as entirely to destroy their effect. We have an impression that a hundred pounds were voted to the College for the creditable custody of these works; but since they are so neglected it is to be regretted that they have been placed where they are, as they ought to form a prominent feature in a gallery of British sculpture; this must not be forgotten in the arrangements about to be carried out.

THE ROYAL GOLD MEDAL of the Institute of British Architects has been awarded this year to Mr. Gilbert Scott, A.R.A.

REVIEWS.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC PICTURES. Published by G. ROWNEY & Co., London.

A large number of chromo-lithographic prints have recently been put before the public by Messrs. Rowney and Co., who seem of late to have paid especial attention to this particular branch of Art-illustration, and with more or less of success in their productions. Several of those which have come into our hands are printed at the establishment of Messrs. Rowney; the others are printed by Messrs. Hanhart: we will first notice the former.

Mulready's "Crossing the Ford," from its size and character of the picture, claims our first consideration. The print is as large as the original, of which it conveys a very favourable idea: in colour it is remarkably brilliant—far more so, we should imagine, than the picture was, even when it came fresh from the painter's easel; it is, in truth, *hot* to a degree of intensity. Considering the difficulties of copying by any mechanical process, such as this is, the peculiar manipulation of Mulready, the print may be accepted as a good imitation; and, certainly, when framed and glazed, it will make a very pretty decoration to any well furnished apartment. "The Canal of the Giudecca, Venice," from the picture by Stanfield in the Vernon Collection, is also a large print, and, as a whole, pleases us better than the Mulready copy; all the principal points of the original are faithfully preserved, and the general effect is rich and powerful; the sky and the water are admirably managed. This print is also well worth framing and hanging up. "The Cathedral Porch, Evreux," after E. Dolby, is a good representation of that fine old architectural specimen; it is warm in colour, and has throughout that aspect of nature which cannot be mistaken. A little more attention to the details of the architecture would have been a decided improvement. "The Church of St. Jacques, Caen," after W. Callow, is not so pleasing. It seems, however, to have been copied from a sketch, or unfinished drawing: there is a general want of harmony in the picture—the principal shadowed part falling on a low mass of shop-roofs at the base of the church, a conventional rather than a natural method of treatment, for which the original artist is answerable, not the copyist.

Passing on to the prints from Messrs. Hanhart's presses, we commence with a large one—"The Andalusian Letter-Writer," from the picture by F. W. Topham. It is excellent,—so good that one would almost as soon possess it as the original. In colour and texture the imitation is inimitable, and the beautiful harmony apparent throughout the work is among the highest attractions it offers: this is certainly one of the best chromo-lithographs we have ever seen. "Mount St. Michael," after Stanfield, is a far less successful copy; it is heavy, and entirely deficient in half tones; the transparency of oil-colours can rarely be obtained by the process of chromolithography, and for this reason the deep shadows which the artist chooses to put into his work should be kept lighter in the printed copy, and thereby such defects as we observe here would be avoided; there is, moreover, a manifest coarseness throughout for which no power of colouring, even if more agreeable than it is here, could compensate. "The Lake of Lugano," and "The Rhine, near Cologne," a pair, after drawings by T. M. Richardson, and both good, though we prefer the former; there is a sweet and tranquil atmospheric effect pervading the lake and distant mountains, while the foreground, broken up into rich masses of colour, tells admirably against the blue waters; the few stunted trees which crown the banks are, however, too black, and from this cause meet the eye too intrusively. There is scarcely material enough in the "Rhine" subject to demand so much space as the artist has given to it, but he has treated it with much taste and feeling. "Pallazzo, on Lake Maggiore," from a drawing by Rowbottom, is one of the best of the number before us, delicate in tone, sunny, and picturesquely treated: the quiet surface of the lake is, however, ruffled—to the eye, at least—by the reflected forms of the nearer hill; surely, Mr. Rowbottom, you could not have seen them assume the inverted pyramidal shape you have given to them: there is little in the outline of the hill itself, still less in its shadowed indentations, to justify your mode of treatment, besides, these lines "compose" awkwardly with the white ripple left by the row-boat close by. "The Coming Shower," a marine-subject, after Meadows, deserves a word of commendation: the distant water and the clouds are true to nature, and the composition of the picture is pleasing: we have no doubt it has been faithfully copied by the lithographer. Another marine view—"Beating up Channel," after J. Callow, is not good—the forms of the waves are dis-

agreeable, and unlike anything we have seen in nature, and the colouring is poor and crude. "Pass of the Grimsell," after T. M. Richardson—the last we have to notice, is likewise the least interesting: it was a grand mistake upon the part of the artist to make an oval-shaped picture of such a scene—those mighty mountain elevations require a more substantial base than is here allotted to them—they seem as if they would topple down and crush all beneath them; as a print, too, it looks thin and poor, although parts are heavily coloured.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN. Painted by H. LEJEUNE; engraved by JAMES FARD. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

This is a fine print, of a class somewhat rare of late; for Art is not often now-a-days made "the teacher." Lejeune is a painter of high order, thinking ever, as well as working continually; not content to accept as themes the commonplaces of life and character, but searching for subjects in sources the most elevated and the most instructive. Such an artist is ever welcome to the critic. This divine subject he has treated with sympathy as well as understanding—we had almost said with prayer; and perhaps it is so, for he has evidently felt it, and his pencil has been guided by no ordinary sentiment while picturing one of the most touching and beautiful of all the episodes in the Saviour's pilgrimage on earth. It is not a little singular that none of the old and great masters in Art should have selected a point in the history of His career, so peculiarly suited for Art. We cannot call to mind one: yet there is no incident so inviting, and none to which there was so much certainty of recompense of fame, for its appeal is universal to the human heart; and, perhaps, there is no passage of the Bible so familiar as that which records the words of Christ—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,"—when he rebuked His disciples, who would have kept them back. Mr. Lejeune has, we repeat, felt his subject, and treated it with great ability. The figure and countenance of the Saviour is a fine conception; no artist has ever, or will ever, reach our ideas of the Divinity—but Lejeune has not failed, and that is saying much. The mothers and the children are beautifully rendered; they supply, indeed, the strength of the picture, while the apostles, standing by, pondering and wondering, are true to the text. A picture better suited to English homes, where Art is loved and appreciated, and where a perpetual lesson for good is, as it ought to be, derived from Art, has been seldom issued by any publisher; for the engraver has done his work well, and essentially aided to make this print a favourite, as it cannot fail to be, with all classes.

GETHEMSEMANE. Painted by H. LEJEUNE. Engraved by CHARLES TOMKINS. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

Here Lejeune has dealt with the Saviour alone; at that awful moment when "agony" was the prelude to death. It is a bold essay: the artist here treads on ground that has been occupied by mighty predecessors; challenging comparisons that no living painter can bear unscathed, and if we much prefer the subject to which we have just adverted, it is because from no hand, in our day, can we expect a portraiture that realizes our conceptions of the Divine Master. There is no incident of His life so difficult to Art. It is, indeed, all but impossible to convey to the mind that terrible suffering which the apostle records in a few burning words. Lejeune has treated it, perhaps, as well as it could be treated: he has made a touching picture, a picture that produces profound reverence, and aids the Christian teacher in his task. That may have been the utmost of his aim, and in so far he has succeeded.

PRAYER. Painted by W. C. T. DONSON. Engraved by HENRY COUSIN. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Here are two children merely, a sister and brother, their hands resting on the sacred book. They are at "Prayer"—a simple prayer, no doubt, but one that is ever heard, for the heart utters it. Of such slight materials the artist has made a most effective picture, charming in feeling and in treatment; the faces are beautiful, with that holy tranquillity which is in harmony with the occupation of the moment, and which gives a truer zest to the gaiety that naturally and wisely follows thought. The print is one that all will look upon with pleasure: one which the engraver, as well as the painter, has felt; it is an Art-companion that all will comprehend, and which all may enjoy.

COMING EVENTS. Painted by THOMAS FARD. Engraved by W. H. SIMMONS. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

This picture is simply that of a graceful Scottish girl—graceful in spite of her rustic jacket and bare feet—standing by a stile, and waiting; waiting for what? No other figure is seen; but there is a dog bounding from out a pass of underwood—we may be sure his master is not far off, although the trees hide him for the moment from her sight. The "Coming Event" is one that may by possibility be guessed at by all who are young, and love. The picture is very pretty, and very pleasing; it is the work of a charming artist, skilfully engraved, and will be regarded as an accession of value to all who desire pleasure from Art.

PUNCH. Engraved by H. LEMON from the Picture by T. WEBSTER, R.A. Published by the Art-Union of Glasgow.

We have a profound veneration for Mr. Punch, and his worthy spouse *Judy*, and a loving regard for their wonderful dog *Toby*, the pattern of meekness and submission to insult;—from our childhood to the years we have now reached, the show-box of the glorious trio has been an object of our interest, and we confess, without a blush on the cheek at our apparent childishness, that we never see it elevated for exhibition but we involuntarily stop to refresh our memories and our spirits with the welcome drolleries of the actors. We consider Punch as a legitimate part of the national constitution, and should fear that the country was falling into irretrievable ruin were any calamity to befall him; as staunch conservatives of all that is venerable and worthy to be maintained in our institutions, we strongly protest against any attempt to introduce reform into this estate of the realm: Punch requires no Act of Parliament to "alter and amend" his domestic economy; it works admirably, and to the entire satisfaction of the crowds to whose notice it is daily submitted in the public highways.

Stimulated by the success which last year attended the issue of the engraving from Mr. Webster's picture of "The Playground," the Art-Union of Glasgow purposes to give the subscribers of the current year another work by the same artist—his "Punch," a picture painted as far back as 1840, in which year it was exhibited at the Royal Academy. It is a composition that shows as much of individual character as any picture this artist has produced at any period of his career. The scene is laid in a country village, and Punch is being exhibited on the high-road, skirted on one side by, probably, the rectory-house—for we have only sight of the railed-in garden—and on the other by the village school-house, a fine old gable-ended house. By the side of the show-box stands its owner, "distilling sweet music" from his Pandemon pipes and big drum: this man is a most admirable impersonation of the character. In front is gathered a group of spectators, old and young, giving undivided and almost breathless attention to the dialogue between Punch and his wife. The venerable schoolmaster has left his pupils to take care of themselves, and stands leaning on his stick in perfect admiration; his "better half," by his side, lifts up her withered hands at the marvellous exhibition; the postman delays the delivery of his letters—the taker is allowing the dinner he carries home to get cold—the public-house lad is seated quietly on his beer-tray—a gaping farm-boy looks agape: in short, there are a score of incidents all worthy of note in this remarkably humorous picture, where all seem as much interested and amused as the occasion demands—all but the widow and her orphans, who wait the coming of the daily waggon that is to bear them away from their loved home, and have no heart for laughter. This latter episode is most judiciously introduced, contrasting, as it does, effectively, though painfully, with the mirth of the others.

The engraving of the picture is, upon the whole, good and telling. Mr. Lemon has evidently made the figures his first consideration, and they stand out well. The print is large, and will no doubt attract many subscribers to the society that publishes it.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL. Published by A. HALL, VIRTUE, and Co., London.

The readers of the *Art-Journal* need not to be informed of the nature of this work: we speak of it here merely to announce it as a separate publication in a handsomely bound volume. Every attention has been given in the way of paper and printing to produce the illustrations in the best possible way, while the authors have made considerable additions to the text, in order to render their tour of the river as complete in all its departments as could be done.

THE WORKS OF ISAAC DISRAELI. Edited by his Son, The RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI. AMENITIES OF LITERATURE. Vol. II. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

This volume completes the new edition of the writings of the elder Disraeli, which Messrs. Routledge have published in seven volumes, well printed and neatly bound, and published at a very moderate price. It is now nearly seventy years since the author made his appearance before the public, when the first volume of the "Curiosities of Literature" was produced; the third and last of this series was not published till 1817; subsequently a second series appeared, also in three volumes. His other writings are "Literary Miscellanies," "Quarrels of Authors," "Calamities of Authors," "The Character of James I.," "The Literary Character," and "Amenities of Literature." These books, severally and collectively, evidence a highly cultivated mind, much antiquarian study and research, as well as an intimate acquaintance with things not generally known in history and literature. Though philosophically written, the essays or dissertations are by no means dry reading; and however much unsuited to the prevailing taste of the day, which, unfortunately, demands books that require but little attention and less thought, there are few persons possessing the sense to appreciate what is really worth reading, who will not derive pleasure and instruction from their perusal. It is fair to presume that this neat and portable edition will make the writings of Isaac Disraeli far more widely known than they have hitherto been.

POPULAR HOUSE ACADEMY. By the Author of "Mary Powell." 2 Vols. Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & Co., London.

No author of fiction writes more, and few write so well, as the author of "Mary Powell." Her actions may be facts, because of their perfect truth to character. She never distorts, never exaggerates, never calls up bitterness or acidity for the sake of flavour or contrast; is earnestly sorry when her men and women "come to grief," but never risks a principle to avoid the result of misconduct: her peculiar element is truth, her happiness that charity which "suffereth long, and is kind." Her books are all "fresh," because their source is pure. Nothing can be more simple than the construction of this charming narrative. Three sisters—ladies—meet with a reverse of fortune, and rather than be dependant upon a brother "John," resolve to establish a "boarding school for young ladies." The house they inherit is admirably suited to the purpose, and they set about "sacrificing a position" with different degrees of hope, fear, and pride, according to their several dispositions. The three sisters are sketched with a broadness and yet a minuteness that would enchant a literary "Ruskin;" fine, natural women are the three, the second not of so high a nature as her sisters, but coming out bravely, as proud women often do, in the hour of trial. The incidents arising from the different characters of the pupils grow without forcing; and it is impossible to lay down volumes containing so much pathos, such quiet humour, such keen observation, until they are finished; and then a second reading becomes a necessity, for there are holy and sacred thoughts and lessons grafted on many a page that deserve to be treasured in our heart of hearts. Long may the author live to write, and we to read.

THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID; OR, THREE YEARS IN THE HOLY CITY. Edited by the Rev. PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM, Rector of St. John's Church, Mobile. Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, and Co., London.

Some two years ago, we recommended the "Prince of the House of David" to a publisher who was anxious to reproduce some able work of "Brother Jonathan's," but, after a careful perusal, and sundry consultations, he said, "He was afraid there would be such an uproar in the religious world against the very semblance of fiction connected with the life of our Saviour, that he would have nothing to do with it." We regretted this extremely, for we felt assured that, on the contrary, numbers of the "religious world" would hail the volume as calculated to be most valuable, from the purity of its object, the beauty of its style, and the information so poetically conveyed of the scenes of our SAVIOUR'S labours.

It was certainly with no small degree of pleasure that we received our old favourite in its English dress from the hands of our own publishers, who better understood the temper and tone of the "religious world," and who have laid the public under a great obligation by thus placing within their reach a work which, we are persuaded, every denomination of Christians cannot fail to appreciate. There is no story—so to say—to analyze, no mystery

to solve, no "new thing" to tell, and yet from the first page to the last, the volume overflows with interest; the characters are well developed, the scenery is in accordance with "Bible History," the incidents flow out, without an effort, and we consider it, as we would a beautiful and holy dream—if not inspired, certainly suggested by "ministering angels." In America, its author, Professor Ingraham, has achieved great popularity; and, as there they count the circulation of a book by thousands, where we should be well content to number hundreds, so "The Prince of the House of David" has passed through sixteen or eighteen large editions: it is now in the hands of our own public, and we look forward to its exciting the deepest interest wherever it is read.

TOWN SWAMPS AND SOCIAL BRIDGES. The Sequel of "A Glance at the Homes of the Thousands." By GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S., Editor of the *Builder*. With numerous Engravings done from the life. Published by ROUTLEDGE and Co., London.

There is ample food for melancholy meditation in Mr. Godwin's little book, and an ample field set forth for the labours of the Christian and the philanthropist in the work of ameliorating the condition of those classes of our countrymen and countrywomen to which its pages refer. It seems almost incredible—and is enough to damp the energies of the most ardent regenerator of those whom we call the "masses"—that so much of vice and misery should still exist, notwithstanding the vast efforts that have been made within the last few years for their suppression: evils are put down in one place, only to rise up in greater numbers and strength at another, so that the only chance of ultimate and lasting improvement seems to be the united action of all in a position better than those whom it is designed to benefit. Individual interference, and that of societies, have done much, but infinitely more than has been already accomplished is still undone. On reading over Mr. Godwin's fearful narrative, one is well-nigh tempted to ask whether a curse does not rest upon a city where such iniquity and such squalor prevails without any universal attempts being made to eradicate them root and branch. "Verily, we are guilty concerning our brother."

LONDON IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Drawn by N. WHITTOCK. Published by LLOYD, BROTHERS, London.

This is a large "bird's-eye" view of London, taken from a point, as it seems to us, near Bethlehem Hospital, St. George's Road, Southwark, though by what means the artist could in that locality have attained such an elevation as enabled him to draw his plan, we are at a loss to conceive. However, here is London, the modern Babylon, stretching out in its length and breadth into almost interminable distance, its public buildings, squares, streets, and alleys, too, delineated with marvellous accuracy. Intersecting the dense mass is the Thames, winding its way from Lambeth Palace to Limehouse. It is a work on which immense labour must have been bestowed, and will stand as a record of what London is in the year of grace 1859. What it will be at the end of another century none can foresee; we only know that in every direction it is enlarging its boundaries, and year by year sheltering beneath its ample wings additional thousands of human beings to swell its already overgrown population. A "key" is published with the map, which is useful to point out particular localities.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF HARMONIOUS COLOURING IN OIL, WATER, AND PHOTOGRAPHIC COLOURS, ESPECIALLY AS APPLIED TO PHOTOGRAPHS. By an ARTIST-PHOTOGRAPHER. Published by J. NEWMAN; and CASSELL & Co., London.

With the improvements in photography there has arisen a new art—the art of colouring the pictures which light has drawn. The conditions were necessarily novel, and whether the painter had to deal with sun-drawn pictures on paper, glass, or silver-plate, some inventive power was necessary to secure the true effect of colour, without sacrificing the photographic detail, and harmony of light and shadow. The author of this little work appears to have studied all the peculiar conditions of this new art, and he communicates the results of his experience in a very clear and satisfactory manner. There is great room for improvement in the large majority of pictures, whether portraits or stereographs, which are now produced; and we think this "Artist-Photographer" has conferred a benefit on his brother photographers, in placing before them the principles upon which they should proceed, and in teaching them the details of the manipulation of colouring photographs.

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